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TWO DOMINIONS AT WAR?

THE fact that Pakistan troops are employed in the fighting in Kashmir has long been known. The official admission makes the situation doubly serious. Up till now Pakistan could always have called off her troops without much fuss at a convenient moment. But once the presence of an army is acknowledged, the difficulties of removing it, wrapped up as they must be in questions of national prestige, are vastly complicated. And, with a state of war in Kashmir virtually admitted, the danger of open warfare on all fronts between the two Dominions is only too clear.

As Mr. Attlee explained in a powerful reply to Mr. Churchill last Friday, the main trouble about deciding upon the merits of any dispute in India is that there are always two apparently equally good sides to it. It is not enough to see the justice merely in the Pakistan case (as Mr. Churchill always does) or merely in the Indian (as many others do). Somehow the problem must be unravelled. Kashmir began at Junagadh. There a Moslem ruler many miles from Pakistan tried to bring his State, predominantly Hindu, under the suzerainty of Pakistan. India refused to tolerate so obvious an anomaly, and compelled the ruler's retraction of his accession. Kashmir has a predominantly Moslem population. By the same token raiders from the North-West Frontier, aided by Pakistanis, tried to force its ruler's adherence to Pakistan.

But Kashmir was not so simple as Junagadh. In Kashmir the Sheikh Abdullah, a popular Socialist leader as well as a Moslem, adhered to Congress. It was by no means certain that, if a plebiscite had been held, the majority would have opted for Pakistan. The clash of arms, however, destroyed the chance of a calm and ordered plebiscite, and in the clash Pakistan put herself in the wrong by letting loose tribal raiders into the Vale of Kashmir. The Poonch rebellion, barbarously suppressed, was provocation, but not justification, for Pakistan's military intervention. Whether India would have been justified in accepting the Maharajah's accession if Pakistan had not intervened with military force is very arguable, but it was Pakistan that began the fighting; and this gave colour to India's claim that it was necessary first to accept accession and restore order, and then to hold a plebiscite.

This proposition had never found favour with Mr. Jinnah, presumably on the grounds that a fair plebiscite could not be expected under Indian auspices. Neither side being in favour of partition, the situation has grown worse up to the very point of war, at the very time when the Uno Commission is on the spot. It must do its best to create conditions under which either both sides will agree to partition the country on the basis of giving to each Dominion that area occupied by its troops, with a plebiscite to cover the disputed territory; or both sides will consent to an impartially conducted plebiscite over the whole State.

If Uno fails in this task, it is not clear how war can be avoided. If war comes, Great Britain will have to declare her position unequivocally. It is bad enough for British officers to be assisting each army to prepare its campaign against the other. They must be withdrawn from both sides. Further, it would be totally impossible for this country to do nothing if two member States of the Commonwealth were to engage on a full-scale war with each other. To us, the manner of Pakistan's intervention in the whole affair seems to make her the guilty party. Disavowing the raiders, she was all the time supporting them and inserting her own army. Placing no reliance on the possibility of a democratic solution, she deliberately resorted to force. The Government has to face the fact that, in the event of war between the two Dominions, one of them may have to be excluded from the Commonwealth. That Dominion would be Pakistan.

Fortunately, Mr. Jinnah has not so far directly intervened in Hyderabad. Though the prospect there is grim, at least it does not involve the two Dominions. Simply, the situation is that after long negotiations, which twice seemed to reach the point of success, hope of peaceful settlement was finally wrecked by the Nizam, either of his own volition or because Kazim Razvi, the leader of the Moslem extremists, would not permit him to accept India's honourable and indeed favourable terms. India is now prepared to accept nothing less than complete accession. Had the British still been in India, and had the Nizam then worked in close concert with so blood-thirsty a communal Fascist as Kazim Razvi and defied the central Government, undoubtedly the Nizam would have been deposed, his Government brought to heel, and order restored. We cannot complain if India wishes to do the same. It is absurd for Mr. Churchill to accuse the British Government of having broken a pledge that Hyderabad should remain independent if its rulers wished. Our only assertion was that Hyderabad, and the other States, were free, as far as we were concerned, to join either with India or Pakistan, or, if they wished, to remain apart from both. But that assertion was carefully and clearly qualified by the well-understood rider that the withdrawal of the British meant the end of paramountcy, and that the end of paramountcy meant that we could not help any State against external aggression or internal subversive movements. We made no pledge; we could not have given any guarantee, even if we had so desired.

The Moscow Talks

The envoys of the three Western Powers have seen Marshal Stalin. This in itself is good news; and there is every reason to welcome the fact that nothing has been published of the nature of the talks, and that an anxious world must make what it can of reports that the ambassadors left the Kremlin apparently in good spirits, while there has been a significant cessation of attacks in the Russian-licensed Berlin press on Anglo-American policy. If every suggestion and counter-suggestion in these exploratory conversations were to be divulged and become the subject for excitable press comment, there would be little hope of a basis being discovered for the more formal negotiations which will eventually be needed. The real question, which is still unanswered, is whether either side is genuinely seeking a settlement, in the full knowledge that agreement must involve two-way concessions. If the aim on both sides is simply to make an offer which can be exploited for propaganda purposes but is

foredoomed to rejection, then the way may be paved for reference of the Berlin dispute to the General Assembly as a threat to peace; but, though this procedure might appeal to some quarters in the United States as a means of mobilising world opinion against the U.S.S.R., it would be entirely ineffective as a method of reaching a settlement by consent. We have never felt great confidence that the time is yet ripe for finally bridging the great gulf which divides Western and Eastern views as to the long-term future of Germany and her place in the European order. It would, however, be a great gain if enough provisional understanding about the future of Germany could be reached to make possible a relaxation of the tension in Berlin. Unless they are prepared to court the risk of some unpremeditated act of violence which would plunge the world into a senseless war, the Russians must realise that the blockade of Berlin cannot be indefinitely continued. Equally, the Western Powers cannot afford to stand pat on their prestige in the German capital at the cost of growing economic chaos. Already it is reported that over 3,400 firms in Western Berlin have had to close for lack of power and raw materials; and, unless the acute shortage of Western Marks is relieved, Eastern Marks will capture the city by default.

Control of the Danube

In unhappy contrast to the discreet silence which has surrounded the Kremlin conversations, the conference which has been meeting in Belgrade to approve a new Danube convention has taken place in an atmosphere of publicised bellicosity. Smarting, no doubt, from recollections of being spokesman for a permanent minority at Lake Success, Mr. Vyshinsky has obviously delighted in the knowledge that the Eastern European Powers can outvote Britain, France and the United States in Belgrade. In the verbal battle, the British Ambassador has returned shot for shot; but arguments whether the 1921 Convention was abrogated by the agreements of 1938 and 1939, or superseded by the Danubian clause in the peace treaties which the U.S.S.R. signed with Bulgaria and Rumania, are academic. The hard fact is that the Soviet Union, knowing that its Eastern satellites, with their highly developed sense of nationalism, are in a mood to give short shrift to the contention of the Western Powers that they have "acquired rights" on the Danube, will have no difficulty in getting its draft of a new Danube Convention through by a majority at the Conference. This draft, which confines the control of the river in effect to the riparian States—with participation for Austria when peace terms are settled—implies that Europe is partitioned and that the Danube, from Ulm to the Black Sea, falls within the Russian sphere of influence. To the contention that this is a piece of Russian imperialism, the Soviet Union would doubtless reply that the United States has never offered to internationalise the Panama Canal. But, whatever juridical arguments Mr. Vyshinsky may put up, and however loudly the riparian States may complain of past exploitation by a capitalist Danube Commission, the fact remains that between the wars there *was* international control of the Danube. That principle is now being discarded. The Russian proposals are another step away from the conception of One World.

Communism in the Far East

Though there is no proof of the existence of a "Far East Cominform," a comparison of dates suggests that the meeting of the Indian Communists in Calcutta, the violence of Communists in Malaya and Burma and the increased toughness of Soviet policy are connected events. In Malaya the chief Resistance group in the war was Communist and Chinese; it is Chinese Communists who must be held responsible for the murders and raids now taking place in the Malay interior. The British are now importing troops trained in jungle warfare; they hope to rally to their side the not very strong national feelings of the peace-loving Malays. In Burma the Communists confront a Government, led by Thakin Nu, which has rightly made painstaking efforts to effect a reconciliation with the Communists. Thakin Nu, who had announced that he was ceasing to be Premier and taking over the job of organising the anti-Fascist People's Freedom League, has now been induced to remain in office. This is partly because, according to the lawyers, he cannot resign his post, created under the provisional constitution, until the elections next April. The two principal Ministers whose resignations were also announced, have decided to remain with him. The Government is being reluctantly compelled to organise military campaigns to suppress Communist risings. Contrary to many British prophecies, the frontier peoples, who were believed to be hostile to the new independent Government of Burma, have rallied strongly to Thakin Nu.

Congress and the Election

The special session of Congress has been a limited campaign success for Mr. Truman. Beneath all the verbiage it is becoming apparent to the American public that the Republican Congress is not the kind of body that is likely to be willing to implement the pledges of their Convention. It now appears likely that the Congress will shortly adjourn, having passed an insipid housing Bill, lent Uno £16 million to build a new centre, and raised the statutory reserve level of the Federal banks. Meanwhile, the Civil Rights Bill will be filibustered to the eternal discredit of the Southern Democrats, and the rest of Mr. Truman's suggestions ignored. This could all be dismissed as inconclusive electioneering if the problems involved were unimportant. But to do nothing (for the Bank Reserve Bill is almost meaningless) about inflation after the third round of wage raises, and the continued upward movement of prices, is frivolous folly. Republicans are only too likely to argue that only a war or booming rearmament can save the new Administration from a catastrophic slump. At the same time, the news from Asia and Africa should have made Congress aware of the international as well as national dangers of frustrating the hopes of the Negro population for a square deal. The whole episode of the special session is a sad example of the irresponsibility of American politics near election time, but it is encouraging that foreign policy (in the narrow sense) has not been affected.

Coupons, Prices and Decontrol

Mr. Harold Wilson's decision to make footwear coupon-free and to reduce the number of coupons required for the purchase of many articles of clothing is a popular step. No one questions the wisdom of removing labour-wasting controls when shortages no longer justify their continuance. It has, however, to be borne in mind that this easing of quantitative restrictions on consumption has been made possible only at the expense of stability of prices. Cutting off the subsidies on leather and cotton and wool textiles in the past six months, for instance, has led to an increase in retail prices which has definitely checked buying by the great mass of consumers. If the coupon concessions stimulate buying and thus help manufacturers and distributors to dispose of stocks, the purchasers will be predominantly the well-to-do. That means that freedom from control is being provided at the cost of departing from the principle of "fair shares" in favour of rationing by the purse. Moreover, one further question arises. If flagging sales in the home market (and, after all, its deliberate contraction in favour of the export market is an essential part of the Cripps Plan) are to be accepted automatically as a signal for coupon concessions, what hope is there that an accumulation of unsold goods will ever exercise its normal market pressure in the direction of lower prices? Yet of the need to bring about price reductions there can be no doubt: in the past year the cost of living has risen by ten per cent. and, unless this movement can be reversed, it will become increasingly difficult to maintain the "peg" on wage rates.

Ca' Canny Over Joint Consultation.

The information made public this week by the Ministry of Labour about the progress of arrangements for "joint consultation" in industry is none too reassuring. Out of 54 industries covered by the return—which excludes the nationalised industries—only five have definite agreements recommending and prescribing the form of consultation, though seven others recommend the system but leave the form to be settled in each separate works. The five in the first group include both iron and steel and engineering, the industries in which the system of works consultation is most firmly established; and the seven include printing, boots and shoes, chemicals, rayon and hosiery. Outside these two groups very little seems to have been done; and there is evidently a good deal of "stickiness" in a number of cases. The main textile industries appear to be especially backward. In not a few industries negotiations have been in progress for a considerable time without much result; and even when some sort of consultation plan does exist the Ministry has been finding difficulty in getting firms to send in any reports on it. Where the blame lies the Ministry does not say: some of it doubtless rests on the employers, but it is a fair guess that some Trade Unions are also not too keen on pushing the system. In the past, many Unions have been hostile to workshop machinery out of fear that it might turn into an alternative form of loyalty, or be controlled by Communists, or at all events somehow upset traditional ways of collective bargaining. Such fears are foolish, for they amount to a rejection of the responsibility for aiding high production which, in present circumstances, the Trade Unions agree to be vital. Consultation in the workshops is a necessary part of the new incentive which must replace the old incentive of fear of the sack; and there ought to be much more rapid progress in building up the requisite workshop agencies.

A Melancholy Story

The failure of the Tudor II, after the expenditure of great sums of public money, involves British civil aviation in a loss, not to be measured merely by the sums already spent. Great hopes had been placed on this aircraft for recapturing Britain's one-time lead in commercial flying; now they must for the time being remain unfulfilled, while Britain's dependence on foreign aircraft must increase. In October, 1944, the Coalition Government placed the first order with A. V. Roe, Ltd., for Tudor II aircraft—30 of them for B.O.A.C. The original concept, as the Courtney Report puts it, was a relatively simple adaptation of the Lancaster bomber. The Minister concerned in the contract was Lord Swinton. But, as time went on, through successive modifications there was ultimately little of the Lancaster left. A major technical change which proved to be an error of judgment was to switch from the double fin and rudder which had already been proved on the Lancaster. There was also an undue unwillingness on the manufacturer's part to call in the services of the Royal Aircraft Establishment at an earlier stage than was in fact the case. But it undoubtedly is true that the continued spoon-feeding by the Government since the war has not encouraged among the aircraft manufacturers a spirit of urgency and drive. The history of the Tudor shows a dilatoriness in private enterprise, under the Government's financial umbrella, which requires careful investigation, if the British aircraft industry is to recover its eminence.

THE GREATER REALITIES

WHILE Truman was congratulating America on possessing bigger and better atomic bombs, while diplomats were dotting the i's and crossing the t's of their latest Note to Moscow, and while the Wellsian spectacle of aerial argosies carting coals to Berlin was providing a Shavian comment on the bankruptcy of statesmanship, Sir John Boyd Orr was reminding us once again of the greater realities of which current headlines are a childish mockery.

These realities are no less than the death-march of our civilisation. They take no account of incidents in Berlin, or the atomic bomb, or the conflict of ideologies, except as blind blunderings towards a disaster which it will take the combined ingenuity of mankind to avert. The desert is on the march and the pressure of population on the world's shrinking acres threatens survival. War can only be an aggravation, not an answer.

"War is Nature's pruning-hook," Sir Arthur Keith, the eminent Darwinian, once said. It lopped off the reproductive young. But the truth is that in the past ten years, including six years of the greatest war in history, the world's population increased by at least 150,000,000. The population of Europe increased by about 12,000,000. Since 1939, while the world's population has increased by eight per cent., the world's food production has decreased by seven per cent.

This drop is partly due to the devastation of war, especially in Europe which previously produced about as much grain as all the grain exporting countries contributed. The production of wheat and rye was only 36 million tons last year, compared with the pre-war average of 61 million. In Asia, the production of rice fell but not in the same proportions. It has also to be borne in mind that even before the war two-thirds of the people of the world were undernourished and half the world's population suffered disease, misery and premature death because of lack of sufficient food. It is these people who are now rousing themselves from their lassitude and revolting against hunger and poverty and the domination which condemned them as the underprivileged. Hunger is a powerful ideology.

But if we are to see that in the next 25 years everyone (including the estimated increase in population) is assured a meagre 2,600 calories a day, it will mean increasing the present world food production by 110 per cent. Yet, at the moment, only 4,000 million acres are productive by present methods and are expected to support 2,250 million human beings. That is less than 2 acres per person, instead of the 2½ acres of average productivity estimated as necessary to provide an adequate diet.

In these islands, dependent for half our food on imports, we are, in the total world picture and in the long-term, no better off than a Bengal community, so that we, like the rest of the industrialised West, have no reason for complacency or for feeling merely a benevolent interest in the problem. Nor, for that matter, has the United States of America.

The problem there is the threat of soil erosion and exhaustion. It is only 14 years since the overgrazed and overcropped soil of the Western States revolted. Then once fertile farms were snatched up by the wayward winds and the swirling nightmare of the Dust Bowl darkened the sun over the cities of the East, a thousand miles away. That was a sardonic comment on the prosperity which came with the First World War when the soil was made to give and give and give, without repair or replenishment. Since then the Soil Conservation Service set up by Roosevelt has done a great deal to reduce the wastage. But not enough. Every year 3,000 million tons of top soil are swept away in the United States; 550,000,000 tons are carried away by the Missouri.

Man, by ruthless exploitation, has outraged Nature. The burning and indiscriminate cutting of forests, continuous cropping and close-grazing, deep-ploughing which has broken up the virgin soil, and prairie farming which harvests the rich corn without replenishment, have removed the plant-life. The rains, with no sponge of vegetation to absorb them, scour the soil into the rivers, silt the rivers so that they overflow and drown other farms until the legacy of humus, with its bacterial and protozoal life, is swept into the sea, irrecoverably. It takes nature 300 to 1,000 years to build an inch of top soil. Farming methods in America, over millions of acres, have squandered the work of 8,000 years. Only New Deal methods and Federal intervention can avert serious consequences. Yet T.V.A. projects still rouse insensate resistances.

In China, the process has been going on for centuries. Every year, 300,000 acres of farm land are swept down the Yellow River. Of the 700,000,000 acres of possible farm land, only 200,000,000 are now under primitive cultivation. That does not mean that the rest is lost; much of it could be brought into cultivation by modern techniques. In the Indian sub-continent, with its population increasing by 10,000,000 a year, over 400,000,000 live miserably on a million square miles of land. The problem is complicated by long-prevalent erosion, by floodings and by the system of land-tenure and religious taboos. Rural industries have diminished through unbalanced development of mass-production in the cities. More and more families have to get their subsistence from smaller and smaller fractions of land. Cow-dung, the restorative manure, is burned as the only accessible fuel.

In Africa, already ravaged by the rinderpest and the tsetse fly, the jungle is creeping in on the native reservations. The price of wives is too high now that tribal wars have been reduced. The young men survive to breed cattle, not for milk or food but to buy wives, and the pastures are overgrazed, exhausted and eroding.

In Australia, the desert is extending. The intrusion of reckless civilisation increased the bush-fires and by destroying vegetation increased the erosion. In South America, the errors of the North are being repeated in the ruthless exploitation of the soil for cash crops.

By the turn of the century, the world's population will exceed 3,000 million. It may be more, since every advance towards better hygiene, the elimination of diseases, like malaria, sleeping sickness and many of the tropical infections, by the discoveries of science will reduce infantile mortality and extend the expectation of life so that more will not only survive as individuals but will reproduce themselves. In under-developed countries to-day the expectation of life at birth is only 30 to 40 years. In countries where preventive medicine is applied it is 65 to 70. That is the measure of possible improvement and consequent multiplication.

The human race is not like the lemmings, those Scandinavian voles which every few years suddenly multiply beyond the forage capacity of their breeding grounds and develop a primeval death-wish, which sends them in stampeding swarms to drown in the sea. It is more like the hoppers who, from pedestrian insects content to live harmlessly on their native feeding-grounds until they are overpopulated, develop wings and become the locust hordes, reaching out and ravaging far and wide. That is the story of the Mongol migrations; it was the excuse for Lebensraum. Short of that, the pressure of hunger breeds restlessness and discontent, manifest throughout the world to-day.

Those are the greater realities. They are with us in the continuing threat of famine, in a world not yet brought back to pre-war levels of food-production, with 100,000,000 more mouths to feed. They press upon us increasingly year after year. The march of the deserts can be arrested; the fertility of the soil can be increased; hundreds of millions of acres of neglected land can be brought into cultivation; the pests, which every year destroy stored food sufficient to feed a hundred millions, can be checked; diseases of animals and plants can be prevented and the yield of every acre increased by feeding healthy stock and crops instead of sickly ones. The heart can be restored to the Good Earth. But only by co-operation of the nations on a world-scale can it be done.

India needs irrigation schemes and fertilisers; it is spending £30,000 a day on the struggle in Kashmir. By schemes costing a fraction of Truman's militarisation of Greece, F.A.O. could promise that tortured country virtual self-sufficiency in food within 5 years. Before Palestine flared up, Orr, as his last act as Director General of F.A.O., met the Arab nations and the Arab League and agreed with them measures which would have done for large parts of the Middle East what Jewish reclamation has done for Palestine. It meant farm-machinery and irrigation pumps. More could have been achieved with 40,000 tractors than with 40,000 guns in bringing stability to the Middle East.

Everywhere, east and west of the Iron Curtain, the need to cope with the food problem is insistent. The common man wants to eat and grow the food to eat. As Orr has said: "The world cannot have a third world war and avert approaching catastrophe too. The whole race is rumbling to destruction. There is only a fifty-fifty chance of getting over the food problem. The nations are insane. . . . Only diversion of machinery to food production can avert chaos within the next 40 to 50 years."

REPORT ON GREECE

[*The author of the following article was one of the British Observers attached to the U.N. Balkan Commission*]

A FEW weeks ago in Salonica a senior Intelligence Officer of the Greek General Staff said to me: "It is wrong to think this is a civil war, it is merely an attempt by the Russians to obtain an outlet to the Mediterranean. Catherine the Great failed. Stalin is trying again, using Markos and his bandits."

This approach to the guerilla movement is widespread in Greece to-day, particularly amongst Army officers and in circles close to the Government. Incidentally the propaganda value of attempting to identify the guerilla movement with Slav expansionism is considerable, due largely to memories and tales of the Bulgarian occupation of Macedonia and Thrace during the war. However, by failing to understand and face up to the fact that the civil war is really an internal problem arising out of the deep social inequalities of present-day Greece, the Government conclusively shows what little hope there can be of its ever pursuing a progressive domestic policy. At the same time it ensures that ever more recruits from the poverty-stricken peasants and town workers continue to throw in their lot with the guerillas in the mountains.

The elegance and luxury of Athens, the shops filled with high-priced goods and by contrast the destitution of the workers and refugees and the squalor and neglect in the provincial villages cause immediate comment from every visitor to Greece. Of greater significance, however, than these visible signs of a corrupt régime is the appalling complacency of the governmental and administrative official. Poverty is not recognised as a problem *per se* and the concept of service in the public interest is understood and practised by few.

I found this strikingly illustrated in the outlying Macedonian villages. In Leptokaryes, a village of about fifty families on the fringe of

Government-controlled territory south of Florina, which I visited with the Army at the end of March, I saw peasants who had been bed-ridden for months with painful and obviously serious illnesses, without once having received any medical attention. In Florina, barely ten miles to the north, I discovered that there were fourteen doctors, all of whom were too comfortable and scared to leave the town, and one doctor with whom I spoke frankly admitted that there are no health services whatsoever for the villages. In Panagitsa, a little village north-west of Edessa lying at the foot of the guerilla-occupied Kaimaksalan massif, there has been no teacher now for four years. The president of the village community bitterly complained to me that the 150 children in the village are growing up illiterate, while the teacher appointed several months ago, one Stefanopoulos, refuses to come to the village owing to the risk of attack by the guerillas and remains in security and idleness in Edessa. When I took the matter up with the Director of the Prefecture in Edessa, he admitted that the facts were true, showed little sympathy for the inhabitants of Panagitsa and endeavoured to defend the teacher.

It is true that A.M.A.G. (the American Mission for Aid to Greece) recognises the appalling state of the administrative services, is pressing for the dismissal of 7,000 redundant civil servants and is urging the Government to accept wide proposals for decentralising the administration. Streamlining and decentralisation will, of course, help, but without a thorough purge of the higher levels of the administration and the production of a new type of official with an entirely different conception of his task as an administrator, apathy, complacency and incompetence will continue.

Since A.M.A.G. started functioning just over a year ago in June, 1947, civil and military supplies worth over 300 million dollars have been delivered to Greece. Imports of food, raw materials and industrial equipment, though small compared with the value of military aid, have clearly been of the utmost assistance in preventing mass starvation and the complete collapse of the Greek economy. The optimistic review of the economic situation made by Mr. Griswold, A.M.A.G. chief, in his radio address to the Greek people on 21 June, however, appears far from justified. The more accurate picture is given by the 5,000 unemployed in Kavalla, the centre of the tobacco industry, by the virtual standstill of the port of Salonica apart from American aid ships, by the widespread strikes which have been taking place in Athens against the high cost of living and by the complete lack of security, with its attendant agricultural and economic disruption, which exists over the greater part of Government territory.

With this background of maladministration and economic distress, it is not surprising that the guerilla army has developed from the few thousands who took to the mountains in the summer of 1946 to its present organised force of 25,000. The General Staff claim that the vast majority of these are unwilling conscripts, merely held together by a handful of fanatical Communists, is obvious nonsense. My own estimate is that 30 per cent are convinced Communists, closely supported by another 30 per cent of vague sympathisers. The remaining 40 per cent are conscripts who probably fight as well with the guerillas as they would had chance incorporated them in the Government army. Complete conscription is enforced in the areas of permanent guerilla control, and a form of irregular conscription or forced recruiting is normally carried out in villages which are temporarily occupied. I have spoken to many deserters from among these forced recruits. The majority remain fighting with the guerillas for six months or more, and it is the hardships of life in the mountains rather than any clear political opposition which is the cause of the majority of desertions. Quite a proportion of such deserters, after a few months back in their villages, return again voluntarily to the guerillas.

The political sympathies of the villages in Macedonia, whence Markos draws a high proportion of his active support, form a most complex pattern. In the compact Slav-speaking areas around Kastoria and Florina and to a lesser extent east of the Florina plain towards Edessa, sympathy is almost wholly with the guerillas. N.O.F., the political organisation of these Slavo-Macedonians, probably has as many as 20,000 members out of the total Slav minority of 80,000, and Government sources estimate that 5,000 are fighting with the guerillas. I personally witnessed the frigid and hostile reception of the army when it entered the Slav-speaking village of Boufi at the beginning of March. Farther east in the Prefecture of Kilkis are a number of villages composed exclusively of Greek-Caucasians who left Russia during the population exchanges of the twenties. These villages are now solidly Communist and practically all the men of fighting age and many girls are with the guerillas.

The Government authorities are at a loss to understand why peasants who left Russia in 1922 as opponents of the Soviet régime should now be wholeheartedly Communist. I have even heard it suggested that the Soviet Government was sufficiently far-sighted to send these unfortunate peasants to Greece in 1922 for use as a fifth column in 1947! Villages consisting of Turkish-speaking refugees are for the most part hostile to the guerillas, while in the pure Greek villages sympathies are more mixed. It is rare to find a village where the active Left-wing minority of some ten or twenty men is not away in the mountains. On the other hand most villages have now organised armed groups of peasants for protection against raiding guerilla forces. Between these two extremes are the mass of non-political peasantry whose one desire is for security at all costs. Anti-Slav propaganda is having some success in prejudicing them against the guerillas, but they equally show no wholehearted enthusiasm for the Government. All they ask is to be left in peace to tend their goats and till their fields in exactly the same way as they have done for centuries past.

Meanwhile the war goes on. The Greek army fights in British battledress with British and American equipment, and is now virtually under command of American officers right down to battalion level. General Van Fleet, Chief of the Military Observer and Adviser Teams operating with the Greek army, personally inspired the army's spring and summer offensives, and his Liaison Officers with divisions, brigades and battalions give the commanders operational "advice" which no Greek officer can presume to ignore.

The first important offensive operation this year took place at the end of March on Mount Olympus and the Pieria Mountains to the north. The operation was claimed as a great success and it was officially announced that "the bandits" had suffered 1,400 casualties. Whatever the truth of this figure, the fact remains that the Olympus-Pieria area is now again firmly in the hands of the guerillas who are constantly attacking the town of Servia and threatening communications on the important road between Larissa and Kozani. The next step in the American-conceived offensive was the operation to clear the Roumeli area, the wild mountainous country lying roughly north-west of Athens. Here the guerillas undoubtedly suffered heavy casualties and have lost consolidated control of the area, but a large part of their force managed to disperse and slip away and the battle was not the success which the Government claimed. After these two subsidiary operations the main summer offensive was finally launched on 15 June on the guerillas' Grammos-Pindus stronghold. Following a major regrouping of the Greek Army, a force of six divisions was finally mustered. This, it was confidently expected by both the Greek and American staffs, would be adequate rapidly to crush all opposition and lead to the total elimination of the guerilla movement by the end of the summer. However, the attack immediately encountered unexpected difficulties, despite the daily clamour of the Athens press that guerilla resistance was now at last virtually at an end. By the end of June thoughtful British observers on the spot could already see that this "final" offensive, like so many of its predecessors, had failed.

What is the prospect? It must at last be clear even to the Americans that the guerillas cannot be defeated and eliminated. In a country as small as Greece, however, continuing and increasing American aid must produce some results. It is possible that the guerillas will be contained on the higher mountains and their activities in the rear areas limited to small-scale diversions, mining and sabotage. An uneasy and expensive stalemate might thus arise. If, on the other hand, the Americans and British left Greece, the present régime would not last long and a more representative Government might be formed. However, all indications are that the Americans are in Greece to stay. The Greek Parliament has been forced to pass an unpopular law granting all Americans extra-territorial rights; A.M.A.G. controls Greek finance, imports and exports and the army; and all-weather airfields have been completed in Northern Greece at Salonica, Kozani and Kavalla with runways obviously planned for heavy bombers rather than for the Spitfires and Dakotas of the Greek Air Force.

Greece desperately needs peace. Greece is on the agenda of the United Nations General Assembly meeting in Paris in September. Is it too much to hope that the General Assembly will call for a truce and use its good offices to assist in the establishment of a new and really democratic Greek Government?

KENNETH SPENCER

NOT BLOODY LIKELY

Hail to Britain's man-power
From compulsion free!
Higher yield per man-hour
Here shall never be!
No pressure shall step-up its productivjty.

America the know-how
Now with Britain shares,
Industry will show how
Progress it prepares
In the Apglo-U.S. Council of Industrial Affairs.

Yankees make it snappy,
Britons they eclipse,
Methods too slaphappy
Show where Britain slips,
Anglo-U.S. Councils will give the workers tips.

Industry's democracy
Must be put in gear,
Industry's bureaucracy
Plans to interfere,
Thou say'st, O British worker, "They can't do that there here."

More of an enigma
Than those Yankees deem,
Thou dost feel no stigma
Slowing down the team,
Thou wilt resist all pressure to make thee get up steam.

Experts in psychology
Ask what makes thee stick,
Experts in technology
Strive to make thee quick,
Industrial researchers ask what makes thee tick.

Free from unemployment,
Sure of workers' rights,
Earning thine enjoyment,
With simple appetites,
Thou lackest all incentive to beat Stakhanovites.

Targets of production,
Output stimulus,
Technical instruction
Are superfluous—
Thou dost not need to run when thou hast caught the bus.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

Soviet policy and progaganda have shown so little desire for co-operation with the West that the public is induced to believe that Russia has always been wrong on all issues. Perhaps the most damaging case of all to the U.S.S.R. has been its rejection of the Baruch plan for the control of atomic energy. This week, for instance, two articles have appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* by Professor Shils, of Chicago University, which reinforce the assumption that Russia was either merely contumacious or wrong-headed in not accepting world atomic control. The articles are moderately expressed, but, strangely, omit the very strong reasons that the Soviet Union had for rejecting these proposals. Perhaps the easiest way of explaining them is to suppose that at the end of the war it had been Russia that had atomic bombs and not America. Should we then have expected America, on the basis of a promise that at some not very clearly stated date Russia would destroy her atomic pile, to agree to full inspection of her factories and plants by a committee on which the Eastern bloc would have a majority? Would America have allowed the same committee to decide how far atomic energy should be used for peaceful purposes within the United States? Russia's case is even stronger than this comparison suggests, because she needs for productive purposes all the atomic energy that she can get, while, since power is already enormously developed in the United States, American industrialists are not all keen on that further industrial revolution which would result from atomic development. Moreover, Russian "security" depends largely on the secrecy of her industrial plant. To have accepted A.D.A. inspection would have been the same thing as to provide a complete target map for American bombers. Note, too, that America promised to destroy her atomic pile only when *all* weapons of mass destruction were controlled. Since bacteriological warfare is now being developed, and is apparently quite uncontrollable by any World Authority, this would always give an excuse for American militarists to refuse to destroy their atom bombs. My conclusion is that it would have been very agreeable indeed if Russia had accepted the Baruch proposals, if only because our expectation of life would then have been much longer than it now is. But it is really plain enough that acceptance demanded a very remarkable and unlikely altruism on Russia's part; even if she had not been a revolutionary country, highly suspicious of the intentions of Western nations, Russia would have had the most powerful national grounds for refusal.

* * *

The Olympics symbolise the continuity of Mediterranean culture; it is not the first time that they have opened in a world filled with rumours of war. On this occasion there has been an agreeable absence of those international incidents that make sport absurd; no one has taken the Nazi attitude that the honour of the nation is involved in victory and that competitors are disgraced if they fail to win. The opening ceremony impressed even the hard-boiled, though one correspondent remarks that the spectacle of the Boy Scouts carrying banners, each with the name of a nation on it, reminded him irresistibly of the photographs of the American Conventions which had been filling the papers earlier in the month. But, of course, since the Conventions were concerned with the serious business of choosing a President, the participants behaved like schoolboys out on a treat, while the Olympic competitors, being concerned with sport, all behaved as though they were taking part in a religious ceremony. (This atmosphere was a bit spoilt by an American who broke line to snap a photograph of the King.) Neither the Indian nor the Pakistan teams dipped their flags to the King. The United States, of course, cannot dip Old Glory because, having decided that monarchy was a mediæval superstition, they have canonised their flag. Incidentally, though all the correspondents commented on the magnificent colour of the whole ceremony, no one seems to have caught the single most colourful picture of the day—Sir Malcolm Sargent in the sumptuous silk robes of a Doctor of Music being escorted to the bandstand by four enormous Guards officers in scarlet.

* * *

How stupid and harassed the diplomats and big-wigs looked on that hot day dressed in morning coats like a group of undertakers, while the crowd looked sensible and cheerful in shorts and shirts! This crowd was definitely pro-Negro, and always gave a special applause to the coloured competitors. This agreeable habit is probably partly based on the British crowd's tendency to cheer the underdog—in which case, judging from the results up to date, they will probably soon turn against the new superior race and cheer the occasional white man who wins through! It would be heartening if there were a few more British winners and a few less Americans; the London games do not seem likely to add to the athletic laurels of the home team. Perhaps that is just our polite conception of the self-effacing duty of a host; perhaps it shows that we really don't understand the techniques of athletics, or still prefer to maintain our tradition that sport is essentially an amateur affair, something to be enjoyed, not a disguised form of international war. One suggestion that might not be well received is that we should have a joint Anglo-American Athletics Advisory Board to give us the Know-How.

* * *

A month ago I called attention to the case of Madeleine Parent, an organiser in a Canadian textile mill, who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment after a trial which seems to have been of a most unjudicial character. Though Communism is not a crime in Canada and though it was not established that Madeleine is a Communist—I'm told she is not—her trial was turned into a sort of Papal denunciation of Communism, and, after it, the Communist paper *Combat* was "padlocked." The case will regain public interest when it comes before the Appeal Court. Letters reaching me from Montreal and Toronto fully confirm my view of the constitutional significance of this trial and the dangers of the police power indefinitely to prevent the publication of a newspaper which the authorities dislike. On some details, however, I seem to have been misled. Maurice Duplessis is not a mill-owner, and his police powers arise from the fact that he is Prime Minister and Attorney General of the Province of Quebec. I am also told by an Associate Editor of the *Montreal Daily Star* that I wrongly gave the impression that the case had not had full publicity in the Canadian press. On this point there may be some confusion. I reported the fact, stated by a correspondent who was present at the trial, that some reporters had said they had orders not to cover the case—perhaps some parts of the trial?—and I notice that my critic does not deny the statement that the only paper to take exception to the conduct of the case was the *Toronto Star*.

* * *

I found my doctor, as he said, in a "bad mood." He has a large country practice and is seriously overworked. He has been in favour of a national health scheme but regards the present plan as too ambitious and bureaucratic. "We were not doing too badly with the old system," he said. "It could have been usefully extended. But when people who do not really know how it works suddenly change it, you are bound to have a muddle. I'm going for a month's holiday now because otherwise I shall be in a lunatic asylum. And I can't get a proper *locum tenens*. Of course, no one—including the doctors—thought of that difficulty. Practically all the medical profession has been virtually compelled to come into the scheme; this includes doctors who used to be available for temporary duties while the G.P. went away. Now they are all absorbed. However, I've got to get away." And then he picked up a heap of forms from the table. "This," he said, showing me a form the size of a postcard, "is all we used to have to fill up to certify a man as unfit for duty and eligible for his insurance money. Now we have to fill in these." "These" were five different and more elaborate forms. "They are quite unnecessary. We have about three minutes to give each patient nowadays, and if two of them are used up in filling up forms that leaves only one minute for medical attention." I left him with good wishes for his holiday, an uneasy feeling that he was probably right about the useless duplication of forms, and a recollection that doctors were just as upset when Lloyd George first introduced the panel system—which my doctor says works so well—a generation ago.

* * *

Every now and again people need reminding that *This England* is intended to illustrate Anglo-Saxon attitudes, unconscious revelations of how the British live and think. Conscious witticisms are not in place. This bars the story from the *Lancet* of a rural health visitor who had explained the dangers of raw milk and suggested that her listeners should order only pasteurised milk. One of her audience said that she would stick to the ordinary milk: "Ah'd rather drink a menagerie than a cemetery."

Even more decisively must I protest when a number of would-be competitors offer extracts from a recent letter in this journal which suggested that England's failures in the Test Matches have been due to Communism! Surely no one could miss the agreeable irony of this letter? As someone remarked in the pub, "this beer has an uncommon Communist taste to it!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

From *Southend Standard* report of speech by Mrs. Clifton-Brown, wife of a Conservative M.P., at Conservative garden fête at Maldon, Essex: "I have come to help you get rid of that man who is known as your Member for Maldon. I suppose you all know what he looks like. I look down on him in the House of Commons week after week. I could say many rude things about him, and I suppose many of you would like to do the same. You remember when Christ looked down on Jerusalem and wrung his hands, well, when I got to this beautiful spot of Maldon today I knew what Christ must have felt and thought.—(Tom Driberg, M.P.)

"If anyone sees children in the district using our organ pipes as trumpets or peashooters, we should be very grateful if they would return them."—*Daily Mail*. (Mrs. R. Wilson.)

It had been suggested by the defence that that relationship between Mrs. — and Mr. — was that of butcher and registered customer. Both were interested in spiritualism.—*West London Press*. (Clifford Hall.)

Good opening and prospects for Young Lad prepared work, rise early and interest himself dead game and poultry.—Advert. in *News Chronicle*. (J. Eatwell.)

THE BATTLE OF MONOPYLAE

Now rises modern Pericles in wrath
And by July the fifth he plights his troth!
That none shall him exceed in malediction
In style of Hooey Loo or just pure fiction:
"I shall control abuse, I shall determine
Who is a silly goose and who are vermin;
I shall monopolise all verbal wealth;
I'll stigmatise the Minister of Health;
I'll call him names, I'll make him ill-at-ease
And call him Minister of all Disease.
Ne'er shall my sceptre pass (by highest Heaven!)
To that competing Celt, Aneurin Bevan."

HECTOR HUGHES

THE JUSTICES' CHARTER

"WHAT I want of a magistrate," said Lord Haldane when he was Lord Chancellor, "is a God-fearing, decent person, of a just mind and a fair outlook, who doesn't care what are the politics or social position of the people before him, but will try to come to a just conclusion." It is what we all want and our quest for it has produced a long series of blue-books of which this,* the latest, goes the farthest yet in proposing new methods of appointing and removing magistrates as the means by which justice may approach its ultimate perfection as "truth in action." But this is not to say very much for the latest blue-book.

More than 99 per cent of the offenders prosecuted in England and Wales are dealt with in petty sessions by about 19,000 magistrates. Only 42 of these are stipendiaries—26 in London, 16 elsewhere. The Royal Commission's terms of reference made it clear that no radical change in this proportion was contemplated; and although Lord Merthyr, in a minority report which *The Times* dismisses as "bleak rationalism," recommends that lay justices should gradually be abolished, the rest of the Commissioners seem satisfied that justice is best administered by enthusiastic amateurs. On this, there will always be at least two opinions, since almost every citizen holds two mutually exclusive opinions about it himself—(a) that the J.P.s are a lot of bungling quacks and (b) that our system of jurisprudence is the finest in the world. Neither is true.

Let us assume, by way of illustrating the process of appointment, that you, reader of this article, want to be a justice of the peace. How should you begin? Join a political party? Subscribe to its funds? Get elected to the local council? Organise local charities? Play cricket for your county? Start prison-visiting? Build up a chain of grocer's shops? Any of these might do, but none of them is necessary. No, you need only write to the Secretary of Commissions of the Peace, the Lord Chancellor's Office, House of Lords, S.W.1, and tell him you want to be a J.P. (He would undoubtedly prefer that you should address yourself to the local committee which advises your Lord Lieutenant in recommending names to him, but you will have a job to find this.) Your letter need not be in triplicate, typewritten, accompanied by a cheque, or sponsored; but the envelope ought to be stamped. Don't trouble to write, by the way, if you are bankrupt or have ever been convicted of felony: the Lord Chancellor can't appoint such a person, and he is almost certain to ask you about it. But don't you even need a property qualification? No; since 1906 you are eligible even if you are what they used to call a pauper. Tell the Secretary of Commissions that you have a vocation for sitting on the Bench; and you could add, perhaps, that you do not think the Lord Chancellor, who is advised by a committee which is advised by the County Lords-Lieutenant who are advised by their own committees which are advised (off the record) by local big-wigs, is really appointing the people best qualified to do the job impartially. There is plenty of evidence to support you in the new Report.

It is impossible to say what your chances may be, because apparently no-one else has ever done this; but you would be well advised to mention that you are "non-political," because in this context it does not mean that you are Conservative—it means you are impartial. "We have found," say the Commissioners (paragraph 62), "that a number of persons and organisations have not realised that they could put forward names for appointment as justices, or have not known to whom their suggestions should be sent . . . In our view the publication in local year-books of the name of the secretary" (of the County Lord-Lieutenant's committee on J.P. appointments) "with the brief note that communications concerning appointments of justices should be addressed to him, would be convenient and also go some way to dispel what witnesses have called the air of secrecy." Meanwhile, your best hope is to write to the Lord Chancellor's office direct, and before the rush begins; the local advisory committees "consist mainly, or even wholly, of persons chosen from the chief political parties" (paragraph 63), and it is accordingly through local political activity that you would expect to earn their recommendation. It is nowhere laid down that you need any local recommendation at all.

The Commissioners are uneasy about the system of political recommendations, without finding themselves able to suggest anything to take its place in this acutely political society. "We think that too much attention has been paid to political opinions," they say (paragraph 74), "but we do not think that a better practice can be secured by ignoring politics."

> It may no doubt seem paradoxical to say that, in order to avoid political appointments, the political affiliations of possible justices must be considered and a fair balance kept between the parties. If because a Bench has a preponderance of members of party A, it is thought necessary to add to it a number of justices who belong to party B, it must sometimes follow that appointments are not according to merit so much as to political views.

But they think the Lord Chancellor cannot close his eyes to the politics of nominees to the Bench, because that might lead, in some districts, to the complete exclusion of one party or the other. They recommend that "the paramount consideration is the person's fitness for the discharge of judicial duties," and that when a list of new justices has been approved and is found to contain a large majority of one political faith, the committee should have another go at it; then, if they still think they have picked the best from all points of view, the original list should stand.

> We trust that in time it will be universally recognised that the appointment of a justice is equivalent to entrusting him with the performance of onerous public work. The problem of "politics" may then disappear.

This, I think, is a faint-hearted doctrine resting on a vain hope. So long as appointment to the unpaid bench is sufficiently coveted to provide a ready supply of applicants, appointment will always be seen to be "political." One never hears complaints that stipendiaries, judges, recorders, or coroners are appointed for their political affiliations, nor is there any resentment that they are not chosen locally. But there seems to be little evidence to support Lord Merthyr's belief (page 99 of the Report) that it is merely a question of time before lay justices disappear. "It is a question not of whether but of when they should be replaced by professionals," he says . . . "I contemplate not a sudden but a gradual replacement. I admit that this change will on the whole be unpopular, but the hostility will be temporary and partly caused by personal prejudices. I am convinced that the administration of justice in our petty sessional courts would on the whole be more efficient if it were conducted by trained lawyers, possibly with the assistance of two laymen sitting with each professional."

So am I. But I do not think the present system of appointment will die of its own accord; it lives on apathy, of which it will never go short. Any borough with 25,000 inhabitants can have a stipendiary magistrate for the asking (and the amount of his salary). In the 80 years since this first became possible, only sixteen boroughs in the country have troubled to ask. I believe this is due partly to the fact that local Councils (who must do the asking) are so often themselves the local bench almost *en bloc*, partly to the apathy that always vitiates "permissive" legislation, and partly to ignorance. The Report recommends that the Crown should have power to appoint a stipendiary without this local initiative—which, if it were coupled with Lord Merthyr's proposal that laymen should share the bench with professionals, would be the most valuable proposal of all.

The Commissioners' other recommendations are relatively unimportant: a statutory retiring age; residence within the jurisdiction; removal of some of the illogical disqualifications (at present no member of a "co-op" who becomes a J.P. can act in licensing matters because the co-ops run off-licences); blindness and deafness should be absolute disqualifications; clergymen should no longer be barred; chairmen of local councils and ex-mayors should not be *ex-officio* justices (Lord Merthyr, who wants *ex-officio* justices abolished altogether, tells of one Mayor who had 79 convictions when he was elected, and made it 81 during his year of office); and no-one over fifty should be appointed as a juvenile court justice.

But the majority report seeks to perpetuate many local anomalies that have no justification except tradition—odd privileges in the County Palatine and even odder ones in the City of London; and the task of justifying some of these has overcast the Report with an air of pusillanimity. One feels it to be no accident, therefore, that the two minority reports are so much easier to read, so much less repetitive, so much more telling. The first of these, in which Lord Merthyr is joined by Mr. John Watson and Mr. Stapleton Cotton, is a most able summary and condemnation of the political preference system. The second, by Lord Merthyr alone, is an attack on illogical local privileges, on *ex-officio* justices, and on the whole institution of the lay magistracy. Lord Merthyr's report is made pungent by his aptitude for ludicrous comparison. But the changes he wants are, in my opinion, as far off as ever.

C. H. ROLPH

* "Report of the Royal Commission on Justices of the Peace, 1946-48." Cmd. 7463. *H.M.S.O.* 2*s. net.*

AUTOVILLE

FOR nearly fifty years Detroit has been the headquarters of a world revolution. It began when Henry Ford, its greatest prophet, first put wheels on America. After the revolution had triumphed in the United States and reshaped the life of its people, it spread to the other industrial countries. To-day the truck and the automobile are the storm troops of technical progress in every continent. Detroit, I suppose, must be the Moscow of the engineer; his Kremlin, if the Corporation will forgive me, the huge General Motors building on Grand Boulevard; and that strange site at Dearborn, where Ford erected a replica of Independence Hall to house his collection of prams, stage-coaches, cars and locomotives, must be the emotional equivalent of Red Square. This rambling city, perched on the Canadian border, is one of the monuments raised by our culture. Its citizens spend their days by the thudding press and the assembly line. Their homes lie in the shadow of giant factories. At street corners, the drug stores and taverns have to compete furiously for space against the glittering used-car lots. The auto workers have a song which claims that they "make America roll and go." I think it a fair boast. Though components are made and cars assembled in a dozen places outside Michigan, America would be an industrial cripple without Detroit and its satellite towns.

If I were a trained engineer I might have picked up some useful ideas from a week's study of the industry. As it was, I was nearly smothered with technicalities and with courteous, but unfavourable comparisons between British and American production methods. No one, of course, ignores the enormous advantages that the manufacturer in Detroit enjoys over his counterpart in, say, Coventry, for reasons that are nobody's fault. Apart from the difficulties that the war has caused British producers—intensified, some executives will insist, by the meddling of the Labour Government—the demand for cars in America is so great that the producer can really reap the benefits of genuine mass production. A machine tool, for instance, that costs fifty thousand pounds to install, will add a cost of two pounds per unit if it is used for a run of twenty-five thousand cars. If, as in America, it can be used to produce two hundred thousand units, the cost is but five shillings per car. This is a pretty hypothetical example, but it illustrates the economies that follow from large production

of standard units. But the matters which arouse the sarcasm of the American engineers—and many of those to whom I talked had spent years working in England—are the inefficient use of machinery, the poor production planning and factory layout, even after allowance has been made for the initial handicaps of the English producer. I can't insist that the criticism is fair or unfair. But the Americans seem to agree with critics at home that we still have too many small producers and an uneconomical variety of models. They admit that much of our plant is worn down, but feel we don't make the best of what we have, quoting specific examples to prove their point. Now the solution is not, as I have heard suggested, that Britain ought to import American tycoons to assist industrial recovery. But I feel there is a case for a much more intensive study of production methods at home. Increased output, provided the materials are available, is more the result of good staff work than of the workers banging a bit harder.

* * *

The most striking example of planning inside the factory, of course, is the production line. At the new Chevrolet plant in Flint, probably the most modern in the world, the belt has been replaced by an overhead conveyor, which permits the workers to get all round and underneath the travelling chassis. This line moves fifteen feet a minute and the cars roll off, just over an hour from the time assembly starts, fifty-eight every sixty minutes. The plant managers say that they still can't reach their target of one a minute. To keep this line flowing smoothly, the most elaborate planning is necessary. Everything is pre-fabricated elsewhere, motors in one plant, axles in another, bodies in a third—and each of these operations in turn depends upon another series of assemblies. The cars appear to develop haphazardly. One is a convertible, another a coupé, followed by two sedans, each a different colour. Yet, beneath a small opening in the roof, each chassis arrives at the precise moment its appropriate body is swung down, complete, to meet it. To me this is the most sensational proof of efficiency. The planners know exactly when the different parts will flow together in that line to make a model of a specific type and colour. Sometimes, apparently, a mistake occurs. Then the men continue as if nothing had happened. It is cheaper to let that car go through and complete every job on it before sending it back to rectify the mistake than to have the men standing idle while it sails past them. I have seen few things in industry as satisfying æsthetically as the production of a motor car, from the hideous pounding inferno of a forge plant through the immense and delicate machines of the engine plants to the final moment when the car is driven off the end of the line. I find it hard to believe that its cost can still be kept down to a thousand dollars after studying its complex gestation. The volume of production remains the biggest single factor.

* * *

Of course there is a human side to this machine. That is its most sensitive component. It is just over ten years since the unions first got a foothold in the industry. To-day they are tolerated, but few of the manufacturers are enthusiastic about them. In this, as in production, it is clear that General Motors are the pacemakers for the industry as a whole. The Corporation was probably the hardest nut for the United Automobile Workers to crack. Even now the U.A.W. realises that, on matters of principle, it must settle primarily with General Motors. Walter Reuther, who has now consolidated his victory over the Left wing of the union, is still regarded as something of a Red who tries to drag in all sorts of outside issues into the labour-management relations. Because he thinks in larger terms than mere bread-and-butter bargaining, the producers suspect him of seeking to use union issues as a wedge for some kind of Socialism, certainly for depriving management of certain of its treasured prerogatives. On that they will go on fighting the union under his leadership, although the basic principles of collective bargaining have struck deep into the industry since the days of private armies, industrial espionage and the turbulence of the sit-down strikes. Reuther, most people agree, has big ambitions, and his anti-Communism and his liberal political activities are part of them. But as you talk to him you realise that he is a first-class union leader whose position does not merely depend on his personal machine. He is at the top for the same reason that the miners follow John L. Lewis. He has delivered the goods. How far he will go is hard to guess. He says he is in favour of some kind of third party movement if the old parties are lost to the liberals, but is fighting Wallace and doing his best to hamper the unions that back him, going as far as raiding them for members with the tacit blessing of Philip Murray. He, too, has deserted the Truman camp, and feels that Wallace has jumped the gun on the anti-Communist Left by starting a new party without excluding the Communists. Reuther and his brother Victor are unorthodox union leaders in America. They have seen the world; they have worked in Russia; they have started co-operatives through which local farmers supply union members with cheaper food. They do not suffer from any feeling of inferiority in their dealings with big business, and they know that it is now virtually impossible for the auto industry to get back to the open shop of the bad old days, however the union may annoy it.

* * *

People in Detroit still remember the unrest that accompanied the great sit-down strikes. Perhaps that's why some of them are very sensitive about the Communist menace. The police chief, for instance, recently issued a statement saying he understood the Communists were planning to seize power in the city in the near future. He listed three possible developments. First, an uprising in the city. Second, the concentration on the city of Communists from all over Michigan. Third, an invasion from Canada. He also stated that Communists were filtering across from Canada disguised as Jewish rabbis. Now, he may be right. But his fears seem a little exaggerated to me, though he takes them seriously enough to be planning the construction of roadblocks. But when I commented on his statement to a high executive of one auto firm, I was assured that it had happened once in 1937 and could easily happen again. Another manager insisted that Walter Reuther held a Communist card and that his anti-Communism was a deception behind which he and his comrades had worked themselves into control of the union. Of course, the men at the top of the industry are too sensible and intelligent to believe that kind of nonsense. But it shows how successful press scares can be. The *Detroit News* has been running a series of articles, on pink paper, topped by a headline showing an explosion behind the words "Communist Plot Exposed." The plot seems a little peculiar. It turns out that the local Communist leader was asked by the *News* to answer nineteen questions about his party's policy. He did so, but the *News* thought the replies were phoney, since they were not the milk of Leninist revolutionary doctrine, and didn't print them. The Communists then printed them and charged the *News* with suppression. The paper is now running them, denies the charge of suppression—saying it just didn't print them because they weren't honest—and supplements each with 1920 vintage quotations from Lenin and the Comintern. The "plot" was nothing more than the accusation of suppression against the *News*: the sub-heading, "Reds Fear To Tell All To People of Michigan" is simply based on the assertion of the *News* that the Communist leader disclaimed any revolutionary intentions in spite of what Lenin said on page 76 of *Left-Wing Communism*. This, I feel, is a pretty extreme case of a political stunt.

* * *

A last word about Detroit. A large travel exhibition was held in the Convention Hall. Every American State with tourist attractions had a fine stand, lavishly supplied with brochures and posters. So did the travel agencies and the railways. So did many countries, ranging from Portugal to Eastern Europe. Now, it is virtually impossible or unlikely that many citizens of Detroit will spend their summer in Portugal. But quite a few, I imagine could be induced to visit Britain. Yet the British Information Services had a pokey stand, with no brochures or posters, one attendant, and skimpy little film programme. Frankly, by comparison, the thing was pathetic. I don't wonder that everyone passed the stand without stopping. Here was an occasion where some real publicity would have worked wonders, especially about the Olympic Games this summer. I don't know who was responsible. But this was a chance to get real dollars for a very small outlay.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

NEGLECTED CHILDREN

AT no time has so much been done for children's welfare in Great Britain as is being done to-day: never has so much thought been given to their physical and mental needs. Can we then, as a nation, feel happy about our children—not complacent, for we know how much more is needed for their health and education, but can we feel that we are working on the right lines? There are disquieting signs. Delinquency among children and adolescents is increasing—not just mischief, but senseless destruction and violence. It is a common thing for boys to admire the easy-money man, and to make up their minds that this is the way to live. There are too many "maladjusted" children who are the despair of parents and teachers and probation officers. Anyone who watches children at play in the streets will notice how few of them are inventive or resourceful; how there are normally only two acting games—the wedding and the gangsters; how many kick or knock a ball about without knowing enough about any game to take it seriously or enjoy it properly; how often the only idea is to have money to buy entertainment and more entertainment. But probe a little further and you will also find how quickly and spectacularly these same children become happy and eager when the right person is there to open up opportunities for development, to tell stories, stimulate play writing and acting, encourage budding artists and musicians, teach the children how to do things well with their hands, and supply ideas for games.

The war accounts for much that is wrong with children and adolescents just now, but children's troubles have deeper roots. Child neglect may be present in many forms, and is far more prevalent than is generally imagined. In a recently published study* a sub-committee of the Women's Group on Public Welfare examines the problem of the child neglected in his own home. It was another sub-committee of this Group which produced *Our Towns—A Close-Up* during the war. In his interesting introduction to the report on neglected children, Mr. J. B. Priestley describes the study as both a sequel and a preface to the famous Curtis Report. It enquires into the home background of children suffering from physical and mental neglect, and examines the causes of neglect. The responsibility of the community for these children is considered in relation to existing law and social services and their administration, and recommendations for improvements are made. The particular difficulties presented by the now familiar "problem family" are sympathetically discussed, and an interesting account is given of some experiments in social rehabilitation. This is a valuable piece of social research, and it is more than that.

The Committee's approach to their subject and their method of handling their material make it a most worth-while document. It is typical

* "The Neglected Child and His Family." *Oxford University Press*, 5s.

of the authors that they had the idea of finding out *from women committed to prison for child neglect* what in their view would have enabled them to avoid this offence. The women were free to talk or not to talk as they chose, and it is evident that those who chose to talk put their troubles into words as far as they could. Other special studies were the incidence of child neglect among a number of widows receiving supplementary pensions, and a ten per cent random selection of case histories of 2,000 children admitted to Dr. Barnardo's Homes. These enquiries supplemented the orthodox methods of research and examination of expert witnesses. The Committee was refreshingly free from preconceived theories, and ready for new ideas; their study made no pretence at being exhaustive, but when evidence brought to light a hopeful line of enquiry, it was followed up with thoroughness. Thus the work of the Pacifist Service Units and of the Brentwood experiment in the rehabilitation of families are considered in detail.

There is very little deliberate cruelty to children in this country, although the records of the N.S.P.C.C. and notorious cases remind us that such women as the one portrayed in "No Room at the Inn" certainly exist. Neglect, interpreted in this Report as "failure to make adequate provision for the physical, emotional, and intellectual needs of a child" is serious enough. The causes? Eugenists, educationists, psychologists and other experts have contributed their theories, but the Committee points to "the interplay of a great number of factors, psychological and economic." And the remedies? The law should be so altered that children "in need of care and protection" can be rescued before they have endured unnecessary suffering or injury to health. Suggested changes in administration of the law by the Courts include a helpful attitude towards offending parents, and suggested changes in health services emphasise increased regard for the mother's health, and assistance for mothers in the home, as well as constructive attempts to preserve family unity. The suggestions for local authority responsibility for *all* children in their area anticipated, but went further than, the Children's Act.

It is again typical of the Committee's attitude that mental suffering in children is considered equally important with physical suffering, and that under the heading of Education it is recommended that "the understanding of normal child development by the general public should be spread as widely as possible." Experiments in penalising and segregating unsatisfactory families have been studied—and rejected. The methods recommended are those of friendship, patience and understanding. For those unfamiliar with the work of the Pacifist Service Units such work may seem to demand a degree of saintliness which is hardly natural, but this work has been, and is being carried on. "Family Service Units" is a national body which has taken over and, given support, will enlarge the work of some of the former Pacifist Service Units. (Others remain as independent Units.) The Units were modest in their claims, and there has been time since they gave their evidence to see far more result from their efforts. Even so, such work can never be assessed statistically. This applies to such experiments as the Brentwood Holiday Home for mothers and children run by the Community Council for Lancashire. A small percentage of neglectful mothers with their children are given a holiday here, with other mothers and children; and, provided there is friendly help available when they return to their homes, the effect on their standards may be amazing. No rules can be given for success. "The secret of being able to bring about any improvement in these mothers while they are at Brentwood lies in the quality of those in charge and the atmosphere they create." Such work is costly, but even in money it is probably less costly than the care at public expense for the separate members of a family which has failed to hold its own.

Mr. Priestley expresses his one disappointment in the Report: he would have welcomed more reference to the neglected child among the well-to-do. Neglect of opportunity for development, personality neglect, has nothing to do with income. There are expensive boarding schools with a fine facade of schoolrooms and playing fields, but empty play-boxes and libraries, and there are children in rich houses who have neither affection nor understanding. In a very different social sphere good parents who have enough money for their children's material needs parade magnificent babies in satin-lined perambulators, but can make pathetically little response to the children's awakening minds in the ex-perambulator stage. The truths which the Women's Group on Public Welfare have discovered for problem families have a wider significance. When adults find more hope and purpose in life there will be fewer neglected children.

IRENE T. BARCLAY

The Arts and Entertainment

THE FUTURE OF COVENT GARDEN—I

ONE may be relieved and pleased by the Government's decision to buy Covent Garden for the nation, while at the same time feeling considerable sympathy for that adventurous and public-spirited soul, Mr. Jay Pomeroy, who has already, out of his own resources, provided London opera-goers with a great deal of enjoyment (more, I think, on balance, than the post-war Covent Garden regime), and who came very near indeed to securing a 42-year lease of the Royal Opera House. It was freely rumoured that he intended to offset the inevitable losses of opera production by letting the house for a substantial part of the year as a dance hall; and although he promptly disavowed this rumour, it is undeniable that similar dangers must always be lurking round the corner so long as the theatre remains in private hands. Before the war, indeed, scarcely a year went by without some threat of total demolition; and I suppose we may now at least congratulate ourselves on having escaped that humiliating disaster. The public acquisition of Covent Garden was in fact a natural consequence of the present situation whereby the theatre's activities are largely supported (*via* the Arts Council) out of public funds; and thus, by our usual roundabout methods, we have at long last acquired a State Opera House to match our National Gallery and British Museum.

Have we also acquired a State Opera Company? The Covent Garden Trust seems anxious to convince us of the contrary: "This decision" (I quote from a summary in *The Times*) "affected merely the ownership of the house: it had no bearing on the manner in which opera should be conducted. It was important that it should not be supposed that the Government were going to intervene in the conduct of opera more than they do now." Certainly no sensible music-lover wants to see heavy-handed departmental meddling in purely artistic questions, with all the attendant evils of trade union pressure, ignorant appeals to chauvinist sentiment, lobbying of members by disappointed performers, and questions in Parliament about the Queen of the Night. On the other hand the announcement of "no change in policy" is rather less reassuring than the Opera Trust spokesman seemed to suppose. Many opera-goers would be glad enough to see quite a number of changes, among them a reconsideration of the whole question of the Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden repertory. Now that the two theatres have become, in effect, a *Volksoper* and a *Staatsoper*, both enjoying the use of public money, the question of duplication becomes crucial. Some slight overlapping is perhaps inevitable; for one thing, seats are much cheaper at Sadler's Wells, whose faithful public expects to see the whole range of standard favourites every few years, whatever may be happening elsewhere. Thus, the management of the Wells cannot be blamed for putting on a *Carmen* there next year, especially since the Covent Garden *Carmen* was inadequately cast. Very much more questionable are the impending revivals, at Covent Garden, of both *La Bohème* and *Figaro*. If ever there were a work ideally suited to the scale of Sadler's Wells (and relatively unsuited to that of Covent Garden) it is *Figaro* in Professor Dent's English version. *La Bohème* is admittedly common ground; nevertheless, when we recall that this opera has been in the Carl Rosa and the Sadler's Wells repertories for years, was given in the San Carlo season at Covent Garden, and has only just concluded what might be called a "run" of a hundred-odd performances at the Cambridge (not to mention the possibility of hundreds more, should Mr. Pomeroy resume his activities), we may reasonably wonder whether, just for the moment, London has not had about enough of *La Bohème*.

But the most necessary change of all at Covent Garden is a change of heart on the part of the management as to the relative importance of fancy production and sound singing, and the introduction of some minimum standard of competence for prospective soloists. There are three or four singers in the company (any *habitué* will gladly supply their names) to whom the management obstinately clings although their inadequacy becomes more obvious with each new production. Good singing is the very heart of opera, and this sort of thing, if too long tolerated, will end by alienating public support altogether. If we are to raise our standards, however, we must be prepared for drastic solutions.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

(*To be concluded.*)

RADIO NOTES

THERE is one obvious difficulty in presenting a mediaeval miracle play to a modern audience: the marriage of religious instruction with knockabout farce is the expression of a kind of piety obsolete, in England at any rate, for several centuries and quite alien to present ways of thought and feeling. A Noah who can talk with God, mourn for the wickedness of mankind, and then turn to a bout of fisticuffs with a shrewish wife, runs counter to our puritan notions of the holy man; the part might be within the range of a southern Negro but is scarcely within that of the sophisticated professional actor. Mr. Douglas Cleverdon's production in the Third Programme of the Wakefield play of *Noah* did not surmount the difficulty, and what might have been a delightful occasion had merely a curiosity value, with the listener himself having to make the effort of imagination necessary to bring dead modes of being to life. This was certainly not the fault of Mr. Terence Tiller, who was responsible for the adaptation; by careful cutting, discreet modernisation, the occasional judicious interpolation of passages from other miracle plays, above all by the use of linking narration in his own excellent verse to set the scene and provide the appropriate emotional atmosphere, he gave producer and actors what sounded a most effective script. But the actors were plainly self-conscious, as the uneasily folksy accents they had to assume betrayed. One feels that Mr. Cleverdon approached the programme too solemnly, with the wrong kind of piety. As though the pace had been set by the verse, the play was taken at a jog-trot throughout; and the farcical encounters between Noah and his wife, the boisterous horseplay on the theme of marriage—material not much different, after all, from the stock-in-trade of red-nosed comics in old-fashioned music halls—were rendered in the most perfunctory manner, as though everyone concerned was slightly embarrassed by them. A less rollicking performance of what should have been a rollicking play could scarcely be imagined.

But the production raised another problem, one not sufficiently considered, I think, by producers, the problem of casting. Was it not, perhaps, a mistake to use Mr. Bernard Miles, admirable actor though he is, as Noah? His voice is so distinctive, it has become so familiar to listeners in recent months, and—more serious—one has seen him so often in plays and films, that he never succeeded in suggesting to me an Old Testament patriarch at the age of six hundred but was always obviously Mr. Bernard Miles. In such a play as *Noah*, the illusion vanishes if there is not anonymity.

It was pleasant to meet Mr. Lear again, in the

new production of Mr. Michael Wharton's *The Pilgrimage of Mr. Lear*, pleasant not only because we were given much of the verse, agreeably read by Mr. Alexander Archdale, but because the character of this most curious of the Victorian romantic poets is always fascinating. Mr. Wharton conveyed with a minimum of underlining the romantic nature of Lear, the fact that his funniest songs are those that tell of saddest thought: and in its way this modest programme was as daring as anything one has heard broadcast for a long time. Mr. David Thompson's production was witty: there was a most amusing representation of Tennyson. But it was a pity Mr. Wharton could not have avoided the use of a formal narrator; it meant that the programme sagged heavily whenever factual information had to be given to the listener. The acting was good; that of Miss Jill Balcon, to whom it is a pleasure to pay tribute, so accomplished and sensitive is her work on the air both as poetry reader and actress, was especially good.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Daisy Kenyon," at the Leicester Square
"The Unsuspected," at Warner's
"Ride the Pink Horse," at the New Gallery
"Nightmare Alley," at the Plaza

Tough sexual melodrama was not my idea of entertainment during last week's heat wave, but for those who felt differently, who like to see passions rising with the thermometer, there was *Daisy Kenyon*. Miss Joan Crawford brings a whole-hearted energy to her parts often lacking in the films themselves. Here, snapped at by Mr. Dana Andrews and Mr. Henry Fonda, she offers another of her hungry, fighting moods. The other woman who must be *the* woman—how she bares her teeth! How she prowls! How she spouts into the telephone! Mr. Dana Andrews never comes up the stairs without a look of zero hour, while Mr. Fonda has a habit of saying bluntly "I love you" and slip-slopping away into the dark. He comes back for good at the end. But not before we've been through the restaurant scene, the trial scene, the removal to Cape Cod, the frenzied drive through the trees, the three in a shack with one leaving. At times the strain is almost too much as when Mr. Andrews snarls at his wife "I used to think you weren't worth killing!" and a voice pipes up from the doorway "Oh, Daddee!" It's nice, after the dog fight's over, to see Miss Crawford settling down, but we know that, with undiminished energy, she'll have to go through it all again next time.

The Unsuspected is decidedly cooler: a whodunit in polite circles, compered by Mr. Claude Rains as a radio uncle whose broadcasts on crime spread a delighted chill in every drawing-room. He "likes to play God," as he puts it, and God in his case means a mixture of Prospero and Count Fosco. Complicated though the plot is, ingenious as are some of the evasions, one sees the solution shining ahead. Still, I enjoyed Mr. Rains, and the photography is of that glittering kind without which no thriller can thrill.

Ride the Pink Horse brings the crooks to a fiesta which only too obviously never saw the sunlight of New Mexico. This is a stagey, sentimental piece, with Mr. Robert Montgomery directing himself in the chief part. He is a blackmailer who unaccountably attracts good-hearted little girls and fat old men to risk their lives for him.

The local colour in *Nightmare Alley* (travelling fairs, mind-reading, and spiritualist rackets in Chicago) is rather more unexpected. It contains one very bright idea: a phoney mind-reader who gets all his answers from a fake psychiatrist; the same clients apparently visit both. This would make an excellent situation for a funny film, which *Nightmare Alley*, alas, is not.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

"The Glass Menagerie," at the Haymarket
"No Trees in the Street," at St. James's

Mr. Tennessee Williams is the author of two plays, *The Glass Menagerie*, and *A Street-Car Called Desire*, which have put him, in American estimation, among their leading dramatists. It was a tactical error, I think, to show the first of these in London before the second. His reputation, founded, we must presume, on the second of them, raises expectations which the first, *The Glass Menagerie*, is quite unable to sustain. Those who have heard talk about this new playwright are bound to be disappointed, in spite of the best that production and acting can do.

"The play is memory. Being a memory play, it is dimly lighted, it is sentimental, it is not realistic." This is announced to us by a narrator picked up in an amber "spot" at the side of the stage; and then we are given a series of incidents set in his home in the back of an apartment house where he used to live with a possessive mother and a crippled sister before he followed his father's example and made his escape. The mother, fussing over the present and romancing over the past, is remembered at least with a mild sharpness—and luckily she steals a lot of the attention. But for the most part, the yellow light which plays continually over the scenes seems to be encasing this memory less in amber than in barley sugar; Laura, the daughter, with her sad limp, her resigned sweetness and her dumb love for her brother, being a near relative of one of the more idealised of the Dickens girls, Kate Nickleby or Florence Dombey. There is no development in the characters, nor (worth speaking of) in the incidents. There isn't meant to be, of course. For this is self-avowedly "a poetic play"; only the poetry is somehow missing, and instead there are amber spots, the narrator, symbols and musical motifs; the result is, in long stretches, remarkably boring. If the author is trying to get away from realism, he hasn't got far enough; what he has done is to heavily overframe a perfectly ordinary realistic interior of insufficient significance. Wilder and water, one might say, or Saroyan and soda.

Luckily for us, there is a particularly strong cast of four, headed by Miss Helen Hayes, in a study of Southern gentility, remembering the days when she had servants and seventeen gentleman-callers, and now, with a gross insensitivity, trying to fit the children into her pattern down to the last detail—even to the son's masticatory habits. Miss Hayes flutters and flutes triumphantly through this part, with the absolute assurance of the master artist who convinces us that it could only have been like this.

Another luridly sentimental sister makes her appearance in *No Trees in the Street;* and this play, too, is a disappointment, for the author, Mr. Ted Willis, graduated in the Unity Theatre and much is hoped from him. The play sets out to paint the conditions which produce young toughs and murderers such as figured in the recent Antiquis case. But the author's colours are monotonal—the heaviest black relieved by only one splash of wholly incredible white. Yet since it doesn't by any means break down, some large part of the blame should go to the producer and the leading actor. To a realistic story, with its "economic interpretation" of juvenile delinquency, is added a background of Hogarthian grotesques, with Miss Beatrix Lehmann as the grotesque in chief. Neither the text nor the tone of the play can stand this.

T. C. WORSLEY

Postscript.—A most interesting contrast to *The Glass Menagerie* is provided by Armand Salacrou's post-Pirandello *The Unknown Woman of Arras*, presented by a new group, The 48 Theatre, this week and next at the Players', Villiers Street. Here is another memory play, but this time with a passionate and witty bite into the past, instead of the well-bred spaniel's civil mumbling of Mr. Williams; and M. Salacrou has not been careful to water down the technique. This is the full expressionist works, but the Frenchman manages this a great deal less heavily than the Germans used to do. The acting is naturally not to be compared with the Haymarket's, but the production (David Tutrev) is certainly exciting.

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MUST BURMA GO TO MOSCOW?

SIR,—Whether the common man is in greater peril from Wall Street or the Kremlin, capitalism or Communism, is a matter for furious debate. But his chief concern at present is to trace the course between them, and this is a strait-and-narrow path. It is the path leading to freedom of the human spirit, known to moderns by many fancy names but to Christians of all ages as the way of life. Along this path, like all the world that has not yet tumbled into the abyss on either side, Burma is now blindly feeling its way. Are we to lend a helping hand, or shall we push it over? Only too clearly there are some who, on a mistaken view of British interests, would compel it to seek guides in Moscow.

The question has arisen with regard to the nationalisation of foreign enterprises. The Government has promised equitable compensation, and capitalist interests have responded by propounding inequitable demands. They demand that compensation shall be paid, cash down, at the time when the enterprise is taken over; that payment shall be made in freely convertible currency; and that there shall be no restrictions on the export of compensation or profits. To each point Burma can make a sufficient answer based on British precedent. The coal mines were nationalised on January 1, 1947, and even the valuation preliminary to payment is not yet complete. In no case has compensation in Britain been paid in cash, but always in stock or bonds. And no one coming to Burma from Britain can bring with him more than a few pounds, while American shareholders in the Burma Oil Co. cannot obtain payment of their dividends, because these are "frozen"—not in Burma but in Britain. Burma cannot be asked to behave more generously, or less prudently, than Britain, and those who make such claims would do well to study the verdict on the unjust steward who, after being let off a large debt by his lord, promptly arrested his fellow servant for a small debt.

One can hardly believe that the claims are seriously intended. Payment abroad can only be made in rice and other exports for which there will be no corresponding imports. Burma would be in much the same position towards Britain as Britain now is in regard to India. Britain owes India several million pounds, and India is demanding payment in goods. On this plan practically all the exports of Britain to India for the next two or three years would be unrequited by imports. We should get nothing for what we sent. That is just the case with Burma. There would be no rice or other produce left to exchange for the machinery needed to enable firms in Burma to carry on their business, or to pay for the textiles and other consumption goods which hitherto have been so profitable to the great import houses. If, on the other hand, payment were made within the country the sure result would be inflation. Unless suitable conditions are imposed, the payment of compensation will involve in common ruin all foreign interests together with the whole country. Foreign firms have made handsome profits in the past, and their present claims suggest that they propose to act like pirates who scuttle the ship that they have looted.

It is incredible that they can be so blind to their future welfare, and one is impelled to seek an alternative explanation. We need not go far to look for it. Payment in cash is impracticable because Burma has not got the money. It is in the position of a perfectly solvent bank that can not meet a sudden run. One can hardly avoid the conclusion that the foreign firms, by threatening Burma with bankruptcy, are trying to bluff the Burmese Government into abandoning its projects of nationalisation so that they may retain their former mastery over economic development.

Fortunately the Government need not be intimidated by their bluff. It can equitably pay compensation in stock or bonds, convertible only on condition that the proceeds are applied to new industrial development. Burma cannot afford to lose capital, but on this plan the capital formerly invested in nationalised enterprises will have ample scope for profitable employment in new enterprises. The terms would, of course, have to be mutually acceptable to both parties, but they should include provision for the gradual transfer of the conduct of the new enterprises to Burmans. Foreign capital would remain in Burma, but as servant and not as master; Burmans would find a place in the economy of the country which they have hitherto been denied; and the owners of nationalised enterprises would receive equitable compensation without prejudice to such further nationalisation as might be found expedient.

But if the Government fails to call the bluff, then, however reluctantly, it must take the road to Moscow, dragging after it the still more reluctant capitalists, or at least the remnants of their capital.

BRITISH RESIDENT.

MALAYA

SIR,—A major factor in the present disturbances in Malaya is the number of arms that are lying about the country. There was the debris of two defeated armies, besides the weapons parachuted in to the guerillas towards the end of the war. As Malaya was reoccupied without a campaign, these were never mopped up; they remained in the hands of people who thought they might come in useful, and it has all along been obvious that at some time or other they would be used. The users are the remnants of the wartime guerillas, though now reinforced from other sources. Some of these offered effective resistance to the Japanese during the war, some were merely bandits. What is more important is that they fully intended to take over the country at the end of the war, and for a few weeks, which live in the memory of the local population as a reign of terror, actually attempted to do so. When the British occupation forces came in, they were considerably embarrassed by this ambiguous resistance movement, and found it hard to decide whether the leaders should be put in prison or invited to Government House. Both policies were tried, with no very happy results.

These guerilla bands were mostly Chinese Communists; while they were anti-Japanese they were our allies, but as Communists they are equally anti-British, and up against the Kuomintang leaders among the Malayan Chinese. As Chinese who want to run the country for their own benefit they are also up against the Malays. With the restoration of civil government they ceased openly subversive activities but retained their arms in various hide-outs, and a large store of weapons thus remained under the virtual control of the Communist party. The next phase in the story is the relative failure of overt Communist activities. Their attempt to control the trade unions was not wholly successful, and the majority of labour disputes were settled by the ordinary machinery of negotiation. Political opposition to the new constitution was also a considerable flop. Few people were enthusiastic about the new political arrangement, but the country as a whole has proved willing to try to make it work, and to accept it as a basis for improvement. The Communist party also handled their cover organisations badly: they did a good deal of infiltration into other bodies, but it was perfectly obvious to everybody what was going on. Hence a change of Communist policy became necessary. It was known for some months before the outbreak that the Communist Party had issued orders for violence to be used in industrial disputes, and that plans were being made for a terrorist campaign. We are now seeing the results.

The disorders are not the natural continuation of industrial unrest. On the contrary, they are the result of a relative failure to cause large-scale industrial disorder. The attacks on estates have been made by heavily armed bands from outside, and the victims have been employers and workers alike. The great majority of the Asiatic population, of all races and

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THE twenty-first ordinary general meeting of the Associated British Picture Corporation, Ltd., was held on July 29 in London, Sir Philip Warter, the chairman, presiding.

The following is an extract from his statement circulated with the report and accounts for the year to March 31, 1948.

The trading profits and sundry income of the group amount to £2,026,110, compared with £3,076,783 for the previous year. In my review last year I anticipated a downward tendency in theatre receipts. The fall in net takings—that is, after entertainment tax—as compared with the previous year was nearly £700,000, and this factor, coupled with the increase in expenses mainly accounts for the substantial drop in trading profits.

The high rate of entertainments tax is a serious adverse factor in present circumstances. In these days of diminishing incomes and increased costs of living, it is obvious that entertainments tax on its present basis is a serious deterrent to the theatres' gross revenue and consequently to successful film production in this country, and if persisted in at its present scale will defeat its own object.

The Corporation is continuing to give every assistance, financial and otherwise, to independent British Producers in an endeavour to make available as many worthwhile British pictures as possible to meet the high quota percentages fixed by the Board of Trade.

The net profits of the group applicable to the corporation are approximately £442,000, lower at £513,901. The distribution on the ordinary stock is 22½ per cent.

The report was adopted.

classes has been as urgent as the European planters in demanding vigorous action against the terrorists. Unfortunately the situation can be exploited by a variety of interests to serve their own ends. It can be used to foment racial hatred by irresponsible suggestions of "arming the Malays"—the quickest way of turning Malaya into a second Palestine; it can by used by Communist fellow-travellers to represent all necessary police action as "imperialist oppression"; and it can be used by reactionaries as an excuse for suppressing legitimate workers' organisations. All these dangers are present, but there is reason to hope that they will be avoided. The present outbreak will have to be met by very tough methods; but the major political and social problems of the country will still remain to be solved, and they will have to be tackled with more energy and more wisdom than has been shown in the past. Fortunately, there are, I believe, enough level-headed people in Malaya to realise this. GRAHAM HOUGH

Raffles College,
Singapore.

LOGICAL POSITIVISM

SIR,—Is there any real difference between the views of Joad and Ayer concerning values? Joad tells us that values are invisible and intangible and our knowledge of them is intuitive in character and not demonstrable by argument. Hence to say that a certain course of action is good is only to express our intuitive feelings about it. And this is very much what Professor Ayer has said. For he describes ethical statements as expressions of feelings which are unanalysable as there are no criteria by which to test their validity. If Ayer's view leads to scepticism so too must Joad's. For one person's intuitions may flatly contradict another's. But one set of intuitions are as valid as another, as a guide to value. Hitler's intuitions, for example, had as much claim as anyone else's to be considered true. For, like Dr. Joad's, they too could not be demonstrated by argument.

An objective theory of value is needed in philosophy which does not depend upon unanalysable intuitions but relates goodness, truth and beauty to human needs in society. R. OSBORN

70 Glyn Farm Road, Quinton, Birmingham, 32.

SIR,—"Fascism steps into the vacuum left by an abeyance of concern with fundamental human values." Logical Positivism encourages an abeyance of concern with fundamental human values, thus creating the vacuum for Fascism to step into.

This is, no doubt, a serious charge, and we must all be grateful to Dr. Joad for bringing out so clearly what is the real point at issue between the Logical Positivists and their opponents of the "Oxonian" school. For it now becomes perfectly evident that the term "fundamental human values" does not in fact mean human values, whether fundamental or otherwise, but divine or "absolute" ones which do not depend for their validity upon anything which has ever been thought or felt or desired by any human being. These sort of values are supposed to be communicated to us by a process called "direct intuition" or "revelation," and when we get them we "know" that they have universal validity. "Of these" (to quote Dr. Joad) "Goodness, Beauty and Truth are pre-eminent, and are the source of ethics, aesthetics and logic respectively." And therefore, inescapably, of ideological Fascism, Surrealism, and Logical Positivism. This, one surmises, "Oxonian" and Dr. Joad would be anxious to deny, but it is the fate of the intuitionist to claim, willy nilly, absolute validity for his opponent's intuitions in the act of claiming it for his own. From a transcendentalist standpoint Hitler's celebrated intuitions were every bit as good as Dr. Joad's, and the statement "War is the noblest occupation of man" is quite as much beyond criticism and as unverifiable as "It is our moral duty to sacrifice ourselves for each other."

Transcendental "values" are no sort of protection against Fascism. Human values, however, though ignored by Dr. Joad and only briefly touched on by Prof. Ayer in his book, may be another matter. If, as is usual, we take values (in the non-economic sense) to mean more or less permanent attitudes of relative approval and disapproval towards the material of our common experience, which we express by calling some things better than others, and some things worse than others, it is surely possible to say considerably more which is significant about them than that they are purely subjective and emotive. Admittedly all "attitudes" are emotive, yet I should have thought that a community of attitude, such, for example, as a general desire for peace could, once it is assumed and taken for granted, be the basis for quite meaningful evaluating statements such as "Negotiation is usually better than threats," or "Secret diplomacy is a good (or bad) thing," and so on, statements which, like scientific statements, can be put to the test of experience, although for obvious reasons the tests cannot be so precise, nor their results so decisive. In the absence of any agreement as to what is desirable, value-statements cannot be significant in the same way that other types of statement are significant, although they can, of course, be quarrelled about, and frequently are. But where there *is* agreement it is useful to have the means for giving it expression, and also terms to characterise what is thought to promote, or hinder, the desired end; particularly if the end is one which is very widely desired. And so, whilst pleading with Dr. Joad to recognise the existence of human values as well as divine "Values" I would also respectfully beg Prof. Ayer not, by his reticences, to encourage anybody to confuse the two; for the Fascist advances with his head in Cloud Cuckoo Land, but with his feet on the desert.

LAN FREED

Pine Hill, Hazelmere, High Wycombe.

SIR,—With his usual lucidity Dr. Joad has brought out the essential point in the argument about the relation between Logical Positivism and Fascism; it is the question of the interpretation of judgments of value. According to the traditional, "perennial" philosophy they are statements of fact of a "transcendent" world, while according to Logical Positivism they have no objective meaning except as expressions of aesthetic and moral feelings. In other words, the Logical Positivist searches for beauty in the eye of the beholder and for goodness in the conscience of the moralist while the traditional philosopher postulates an objective existence in a kind of platonic heaven, the existence of which he may have come to accept as part of his religious belief.

What practical effects, then, can Logical Positivism have on its followers? One would have thought none whatsoever, as it has nothing to say on values. Liberty, equality (political and economic), and fraternity are just as meaningless as the Fascist values of blood and soil and race superiority. Their existence in this world may be desirable or undesirable, but they cannot be true or false. Dr. Joad would presumably reply that we are not concerned with the philosophic consequences of the Positivist's theory; we are concerned with the social fact of a far-spread knowledge of Prof. Ayer's theory and an alleged growth of Fascist tendencies—and their relation (if any).

It seems, however, that the history of Positivism shows its irrelevance to political problems as well. The evidence of Oxford, if confirmed, demonstrates its compatibility with Fascist views; on the other hand, the Positivist school which formed round the philosophers Schlick, Hahn and Neurath in Vienna in the early thirties (the "Wiener Kreis"), held, politically, mainly Leftish opinions.

The ethical neutrality of Logical Positivism may be a thing to be regretted; but we should at last give up the infuriating pretence of regarding the desirability of objective moral values as proofs of their existence. K. SCHILLER

19 Gaddum Road, Didsbury, Manchester, 20.

SIR,—Twelve or thirteen years ago at Oxford it was Plato who was Fascist; now, we are told by "Oxonian" and Dr. Joad, it is the Logical Positivists.

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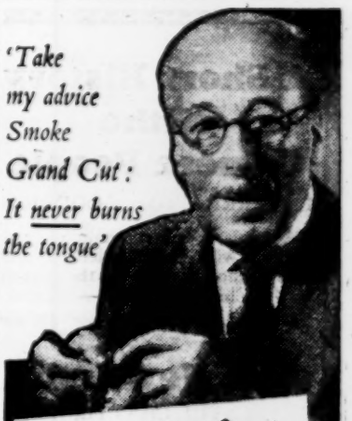

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Yet Logical Positivists refute almost everything Plato ever argued. Can *both* be Fascist? Is it not perhaps time that critics of Oxford philosophical movements enriched their vocabulary with a new rude word?

MAURICE CRANSTON

13 Southwood Avenue, Highgate.

AFRICA AND THE COMMONWEALTH

SIR,—Dr. Rita Hinden's article rightly emphasises the importance to the whole Empire of what is happening in Central Africa to-day. But to describe the issue, as she does, as merely a struggle between racially intolerant Europeans on the one side, and British Policy as expressed by the Colonial Office on the other, is a dangerous and inaccurate simplification of actual conditions to-day.

First of all let us examine some of the facts on which Dr. Hinden bases her argument.

(1) To begin with, her sneer at Northern Rhodesia as a remote, poverty-stricken, barren territory, with no claim to distinction, is an almost ludicrously inadequate description of a country whose copper-production alone is vital to the Empire, and whose other vast potentialities are only now in process of being developed. That, however, is a misrepresentation which can easily be dispelled by reference to blue books and annual reports.

(2) The African political institutions in Northern Rhodesia to which Dr. Hinden refers with approval were not "inspired from London" but were forced on a cautious Colonial Government by the unofficial members of the Legislative Council as far back as 1942. The appointment of Africans to Council was asked for by some unofficial members, and accepted by the rest without demur, in 1946; and the formation of African Trades Unions was advocated by unofficial members of Council some time before it was accepted by Government. The suggestion that Africans should attend the present constitutional conference came, not from the Colonial Secretary, but from the legislative Council in Lusaka.

(3) The proposals for a modified form of representative government made this year were not due, as Dr. Hinden states, to the "boiling-over" of a restless European population. They were formulated by a dozen moderate members of Legislative Council, including two missionaries, and were an attempt to devise a balanced constitution, under which it was suggested that the rights of both races should be safeguarded by providing six African representatives and four officials in a Legislative Assembly consisting of twenty members in all. These proposals were rejected, before the details were even announced, by the majority of the African population on the ground that their interests were being subordinated to those of the Europeans, and by Europeans on the ground that they were unduly favourable to Africans. It is, therefore, possible that the proposals were inherently fair to both races.

(4) The Royal Commission of 1939 did not, as Dr. Hinden writes, "stamp on" the amalgamation of Northern and Southern Rhodesia. On the contrary, it recommended it in principle, but came to the curious conclusion that it would first be necessary to try out the two rival native policies (which it rightly decided were incompatible) in order to decide which was best.

Dr. Hinden entirely fails to point out, perhaps she does not know, that the present Federation proposals, which have taken the place of the demand for amalgamation, contain the express proviso that all existing African rights with regard to land, local government, political representation, and status generally, should be guaranteed by the Imperial Government, and remain outside the control of the proposed Federal Government.

The true problem is not how to protect the African from the wickedness of the ordinary unofficial European, but—and it is indeed a stubborn enough task in itself—how to devise some form of government-partnership which will be workable by, and fair to, two races at such very different levels of culture and political experience.

Dr. Hinden has not, I think, had any first-hand contact with Central, or any other part of Africa, for many years, but if she will read carefully the recently published monograph on the Northern Rhodesian Legislative Council in Miss Margery Perham's series on Colonial Legislatures, she will appreciate the extent to which the old-fashioned idea of "straight settler domination" has died out, and how a number of us, members of both races, are trying to find something to take its place which is more compatible with modern conditions than straight Colonial Office rule, admirable as that has been in the past.

The fact that in her article, which no doubt will be widely read both in England and in Africa, she denies the existence of even good intentions held by any European other than an official will do an infinity of harm to the cause she champions, and may even in the long run help to bring about the very evil she so rightly deprecates.

STEWART GORE-BROWNE

The Legislative Council Chamber, Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia.

NOT CRICKET

SIR,—As a Scotchman, I can understand the deep and bitter feeling that must canker the heart of present-day Englishmen when they realise that the English "do not play cricket any more." Maybe the American multi-millionaires who are being brought in here by Sir Stafford Cripps will bring a measure of consolation to Mr. M. Seasee and provide him with the sort of see-saw alternative, by teaching the English "to play ball."

Of course, it will be understood that they will have to "play ball" as the big Dollar Boys like to see it played. But he is very suspicious as to the part the Communists have played in weakening the cricket morale of the English people. And he comments on the fact that cricket is not played in my constituency. Might I be permitted to remark that if there is one body of men who have "played cricket" using the phrase in its generally accepted term, it is the miners of West Fife. Not only down in the bowels of the earth, providing coal to keep your correspondent and such other "cold-blooded animals" alive. But also, I may suggest, at the General Elections of 1935 and 1945.

May I further add that in my home town, Paisley, a "weel kent toon," we have several cricket teams. Two very well known—the Kelburne and the Ferguslie. And, what may be of further interest, if I had the time to look up the far back files of the local weekly journal, the *Paisley and Renfrewshire Express*, I could provide your miserable and cankered correspondent with a story of an amazing catch at square l[illegible] made by the present writer.

WILLIAM GALLACHER

House of Commons.

MR. BEVIN AND THE ARABS

SIR,—May I protest against your article, "Mr. Bevin and the Arabs." Its attitude is summed up in the sentence: "Every Arab politician believes that in starting the war against Israel he was carrying out British policy, that in defying an 'unjust' Uno decision he had British sympathy, and that he would continue to receive British assurance."

This is at complete variance with a statement made by Count Bernadotte as he was leaving New York, when he denied that Britain was urging the Arabs to fight. In view of the easily inflammable anti-British view on Palestine in America, particularly in American Jewish circles, it is most regrettable that such a mischievous statement should have appeared in a British paper.

L. J. CADBURY

"The Davids," Northfield, Birmingham.

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

For the last hundred years the coterie magazine followed in due course by the slim volume) has provided almost the regular mode of access to the slopes of Parnassus. This was not always so. In the earlier romantic age the journals that gave opportunities to the new writers were meant for the general entertainment of a wide circle of readers, like the *London Magazine*: or were political as well as literary, like Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*. It is the mid-Victorian age that sees the growth of slender periodicals nourishing a frail existence on the delicate aliment of pure art. They have, of course, been immensely important. *The Germ*, *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, *The Yellow Book*, and a cluster of short-lived ventures of *l'entre deux guerres* have all been the organs of various vanguards in their days: some of the vanguards were not followed by any main body, but without a good many disappointed expectations of this kind very little would ever happen. Evolution proceeds by recoil from a number of blind alleys, and that is why the *Quarterly Review*, hanging-judge type of criticism is always wrong, even when it sometimes says the right things. It is never so easy as that to tell what movement of the spirit is going to be ultimately fruitful.

So far as I know, *The Germ**, the literary organ of the pre-Raphaelites, is the first of these little reviews devoted entirely to the arts. It ran for four numbers and never sold more than two hundred copies. It was meant to put forward a special point of view, and was never expected to appeal to more than a very limited audience: it heralds the modern intellectual schizophrenia, by which to be seriously (repeat seriously) interested in literature and painting is to belong to a more or less eccentric and isolated minority. We are used to it by now: explore what avenue you will, there is an ivory tower at the end of every vista, in Galway, Little Gidding or Arizona; turn but a stone and find an unquiet grave. In 1850 this strategic withdrawal was only just beginning. 1848 had been the year of revolutions, 1851 was to be the year of the Great Exhibition, but *The Germ* cares nothing for these things. It contains some poetry, most of it pious and not much of it good; a little imaginative prose; and a great deal of discussion about the proper way for an artist to approach his work. It implies a pretty comprehensive aesthetic programme, but a programme which, if we were to rely on *The Germ* alone, we should inevitably find rather obscure.

Nobody mentions Ruskin in *The Germ*, but his shadow is heavily present in the background. It is not quite clear how many of the P.R.B. had read what had then appeared of *Modern Painters*. Holman Hunt certainly, and, to judge by internal evidence, F. G. Stephens; but the subtitle, Thoughts Towards Nature (actually devised by Dante Rossetti) has a strongly Ruskinian ring. However, Nature is a notoriously ambiguous word; it has meant anything from common sense to the lesser celandine; and literary history (to cut out the philosophical implications) is thickly interspersed with "returns to Nature," each in turn to become an outworn convention in the course of fifty years or so. It is not surprising, then, that the P.R.B. themselves were not quite certain in what direction thoughts towards Nature were actually moving. Two conceptions predominate. One is largely Ruskinian, and was held strongly by Millais and Holman Hunt. It is represented in *The Germ* by Stephens' essay on early Italian art. Its main idea is that the English landscape painters have provided "pure transcripts and faithful studies from Nature, instead of conventionalities and feeble reminiscences of the Old Masters"; and that it is high time the historical painters followed suit, tried to conceive the scene as it actually was, not as it should have been according to the precepts of the Grand Style. The pre-Raphaelites decided, on rather slender evidence, that that was what the early painters had done. The other concept of Nature is Rossetti's; he is far less interested in external fidelity; what interests him is fidelity to inner experience. Chiaro dell'Erma, the painter hero of his prose tale "Hand and Soul," after a number of false starts, is finally told in a vision that what God demands from the artist is to paint his own soul, with all its weaknesses and imperfections. And from this faith emerges Rossetti's erotically romanticised female portraits and the sultry complexities of "The House of Life."

"Hand and Soul" does much to show what a natural-born writer Rossetti was. He was only twenty-two when he wrote it. The pseudo-historical prologue and epilogue to the tale are so convincingly done that many people have taken them as fact, and Chiaro dell'Erma as a real painter; and in the prose of the tale itself rhythms of Pater and of Yeats's early essays are already latent—and a good deal of their moral-aesthetic theory, too.

> The extreme longing after a visible embodiment of his thoughts strengthened as his years increased, more even than his sinews or the blood of his life, until he would feel faint in sunsets or at the sight of stately persons . . . . . Sometimes after nightfall, he would walk abroad in the most solitary places he could find; hardly feeling the ground under him because of the thoughts of the day which held him in fever.

"The Blessed Damozel," Rossetti's most widely read poem, also appeared in No. 1 of *The Germ*; and it must be confessed that a good deal of the aesthetic-religious flummery of the next generation, in which heaven became the repository for love affairs that had not been satisfactorily consummated on earth, can be laid at the door of this exquisitely phrased poem. But the religious tone of *The Germ* is not primarily the responsibility of the Rossetti brothers. For Gabriel, Christianity was part of a romantic mythology, and William became a freethinker of the type who could never really understand what it was all about. Otherwise, the tone of *The Germ* is markedly pious: this was, after all, 1850, when to advertise your intentions as anything else was still almost unthinkable. Wickedness hardly became permissible for aesthetes till the eighties, and was not obligatory till ten years after that. So we find Stevens laying great stress on the patient devotedness of the early Italian painters, a sentiment which obliged many of them to retire to monasteries: and though the modern artist does not retire to monasteries, "he may show his participation in the same high feeling" by a firm attachment to truth and avoidance of sensuality.

The most remarkable product of this way of feeling is a dialogue by Orchard in the fourth number of *The Germ*. Orchard was not a P.R.B.; he was a devout and infirm young painter who introduced himself to the Rossettis through an extreme admiration for Gabriel's Girlhood of the Virgin. The conversation is between Kalon the aesthete, Sophon the secular philosopher, Kosmon the world man, and Christian, who, besides being a Christian, is clearly Orchard himself. Parts of the discussion are extremely intelligent, and, in fact, show more understanding of the way the world was going than any other contribution to *The Germ*. Kalon and Sophon put up a defence of the arts as civilising agents against "steam-power, chemistry and the electric telegraph," which is both spirited and just. But at this point Christian comes in and commands them to forbear: not everything in man and the world is equally worthy of being used by the artist: anything which might elicit the sensual, vicious and unholy desires of our nature is to be utterly rejected. "We all wish the sensual, indecent and brutal away from Hogarth, so that we might show him to the purest virgin without fear or blushing": and the same goes for Shakespeare. Refinement and beauty of form is no excuse. "The licentious poison, whether drunk from the clearest crystal or the coarsest clay, is equally vicious." Every nude figure introduced into a poem, picture or sculpture on merely physical grounds is vicious. The only true model for the painter is "pre-Raffaele or early Christian art." In fact, as Kosmon retorts, "Christian wants art like Magdalene hospitals, where the windows are so contrived that all of earth is excluded and only heaven is seen." Even this, however, was not enough to satisfy the most scrupulous of the Brethren, and Collinson, one of the original members and a Catholic convert, revolted against the secular tone of the organisation and resigned in 1851. William Rossetti found the dialogue altogether too Early Christian for his taste, but it was much admired by Gabriel at this time: and fortunately Orchard was dead long before Monna Vanna and Astarte Syriaca could emerge to affront his anxious purism.

All in all, *The Germ* is a Rossetti family affair. Besides Gabriel's, Christina's few lovely contributions are the only verses worthy of remark; and most of the hard work of the publication was done by the estimable William Michael who was the editor. Poor William Michael, it cannot have been a very exhilarating situation to be a man of respectable talent in that family of uncomfortable geniuses. But he was probably having more fun at this time than at any other of his life. He was enthusiastically involved in P.R.B. affairs, he was the friend and confidant of creative minds, which is a considerable compensation for not having a creative mind oneself, and to judge by one of Gabriel's early drawings, he must have been an enchanting youth to look at. Alas, it was not for long. At the age of twenty-one he went completely bald, one of the minor tragedies of Victorian letters; the routine of his government office entered into his soul; he had to palliate the enormities of Gabriel and endure the religious austerities of his sisters, without in the least being able to understand them; and, when the rest of the family laid their troubles upon the Lord, the Lord passed them on to William, because, I suppose, no one else could have been trusted to bear them with such uncomplaining equanimity. The depressed, vulturine-looking figure that we are familiar with from Max Beerbohm's cartoons became the historiographer of pre-Raphaelitism; and we are immensely in his debt for the amount of accurate and detailed information he left behind.

The total content of *The Germ* is somewhat fortuitous, owing to the difficulty of getting contributions. Probably the most consistent trend that emerges from it is a renewed alliance between literature and painting. The post-Whistlerian generation was to suspect and denounce this alliance, and often rightly, for too much Victorian painting, including that of the pre-Raphaelites, was a mere providing of anecdotal illustrations of imaginative experiences that someone else—some poet or historian—had already had. However, this was not what the pre-Raphaelites really meant; they meant the painter to have imaginative experiences of his own; and by bringing painting again into touch with the most lively creative currents of the time they did much to make this possible. The criticism we should still mostly make of pre-Raphaelite painting is that the experience behind it is not sufficiently formal. But before the best of their work, we should make it with less assurance now than a few years ago. The doctrine that painting is the expression of purely formal experience is already wearing a little thin, and what looked like inescapable truth twenty years back now looks like the doctrine of a school, no more permanent than other school doctrines, and never particularly suited to English sensibilities. The English painting of to-day admits inspiration from other than formal sources; and there are many spectators who find it a happy deliverance not to have to translate their emotions before a picture entirely into terms of abstract plastic relationships. Ruskin's descriptive drawings, the pre-Raphaelite treatment of rocks and stones and vegetable life can again give aesthetic pleasure. One might almost blow the dust off the old phrase and greet yet another of these returns to Nature.

GRAHAM HOUGH

* *The Germ*. Thoughts towards Nature in Poetry, Literature and Art. January-March, 1850.

AFRICAN LABORATORY

The South African Opposition 1939-1945. By MICHAEL ROBERTS and A. E. G. TROLLIP. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

Kaffirs are Lively. By OLIVER WALKER. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

On June 18th General Smuts called upon the University of Leyden to "regard South Africa as the test case in miniature; a laboratory experiment of what is possible in the West and which will save our western civilisation." These two books shed a bleak disheartening light upon the laboratory experiment.

Mr. Michael Roberts and Mr. A. E. G. Trollip are serious historians. They stick to their last of leathery party politics; disregarding the story of the Smuts United Party government, and giving in close detail the course of events in the Opposition. The story is involved, partly because of the inherent complexity of South Africa, but more because the Afrikaner nation, under a crust of rugged pioneer morality, is subtle in the extreme. The manoeuvrings between the different Afrikaner factions as recounted here resemble the ritual dance and battle of mating birds, a maze concerted by the fury and malice of the competing males. In 1939 the followers of Hertzog were still working in what Afrikaners felt to be an unnatural union with Smuts, on the basis of British-Dutch reconciliation. The war, and Hertzog's refusal to take part in it, split that fusion. Thereafter the Afrikaner policy of leaving the Commonwealth drew the Hertzogites towards Malan's republican party, though Hertzog himself was thrown out on account of his fidelity to the idea of the "double stream," of equality between Afrikans and British in South Africa. The debate turned on the date on which South Africa should quit the Commonwealth and declare the Republic, Hertzog seeing this as a long-term aim, Malan as an urgent necessity; but racial dominance was the true difference, and it was on the refusal of the Malanites to guarantee English rights that the old Boer General walked out of a union conference.

After that, Malan's *Herenigde Nasionale Party*, the Reunited National Party, spent the war consolidating its position. Its rivals were the dwindling remnant of Hertzogites, the Nazi "New Order" party, and, much more formidable, the *Ossewabrandwag*, the national cultural movement under the sinister van Rensburg, which rapidly developed into a political body. The Malanites conquered, partly because their Calvinistic version of parliamentary rule appealed more to the conservatism of the Afrikaners than did the straightforward belief in government by force of the Ox-wagon movement; and, latterly, because Nazism lost its appeal, to some degree, with the defeat of the Axis. It would be idle, however, to suppose that the Nazi spirit is dead in South Africa. The Nazi race doctrine always harmonised with that of the burghers. There are writers who have composed a *mystique* for it, such as Pirow and du Plessis, men trained in the logic of the Institutes of Calvin. Malan's strength, too, lies less in any real democratic spirit than in the union of phobias; the opposition to what is called compendiously the "British-Jewish-Communist - Capitalist - Imperialist - Masonic" method of government. It is one of the curiosities of African religion that the Afrikaners, who are constantly calling upon the name of God, identifying Him with the cruder anthropomorphic tribal myths of the Old Testament, and omitting almost entirely any reference to the New, should be violently anti-Semitic. This is surely base ingratitude.

An admirably clear last chapter, summarising and justifying the story of Afrikans nationalism, ends this concentrated tale. The whole is difficult reading, rendered more trying by the ceaseless use of capital letters to denote parties, and by frequent quotations in Afrikans, which are translated in an appendix, so that the book has to be read with a finger in the last pages. But the work is written with careful moderation smoothly sauced with irony. I judge it just and able history; but it would be more generally interesting if it told less of controversy and more of events.

Oliver Walker's book is a study of the position of the non-European 75 per cent. of the people of South Africa, especially of the Africans themselves, for he has little to say of the Indians or the Cape Coloured. His is an angry book, angry and ashamed, both at the rule of the 2½ million Europeans, and at the wretched and demoralising condition to which they have deliberately reduced the 8½ million Africans. It is too angry to be as effective as it might be. Any ignorant reader will pine for a clear statement of the numbers, nations, and distribution of the Bantu, of the proportions living in Reserves, on the land, and in urban employment, of the laws under which they are deprived of the normal human rights, and of the attitude of their own leaders, as well as of their friends and enemies among the Europeans. As the book is written, I feel that only the reader who knows these things beforehand could avoid confusion. Also, though it is easy to feel indignation against Smuts, who utters amiable platitudes about trusteeship but has sometimes behaved as though his model trustee or guardian were the Wicked Uncle in the Babes in the Wood, the writer wastes too much time upon him as a person. On the other hand, much of his tale is first-hand and extremely interesting; for he was employed by the Native Affairs Department to write a propaganda-book for them during the war, and, having been conducted round the reserves and the town locations, he wrote a book which never saw the light. And no wonder, for his reporting of conditions seen on the spot is vivid and telling, but not exactly propaganda for the Native Affairs Department. Some of the chapters, such as those on education, and on agricultural conditions in the reserves, on the pass-laws, on the meeting of the assembly of the Transkei reserve, are of authentic importance. In spite of defects of construction, this is a book well worth reading.

Mr. Walker concludes that the problem of South Africa is not a Black, but a White, problem; the problem of a frightened, reactionary minority ordering the tide not to flow. And as it holds power, it employs methods which ensure the growing hatred of the oppressed majority. An educated African said to him, about the political parties:

"The only difference I can see is that the Nats (Nationalists, Malan's party) say 'We can't afford to give the Natives a square deal,' and mean it, and the United Party says 'We must give the Natives a square deal' and don't mean it."

The moral of both these books could be put like this. Power, for the moment, lies in the hands of a nation and party which bases its policy upon linguistic and colour privilege. It dreads above all egalitarianism, even as between European nations, still more between races. It is fatally bound to follow a line which will give all coloured South Africans to Communism on a platter, and thus help the triumph of the doctrine which it loathes the most. The only possible alternative to this would be the adoption by White leadership in South Africa of a genuinely liberal race policy, which, if it rallied Christian sentiment to its side, might yet move the mountain of race prejudice.

FREDA WHITE

NEW NOVELS

Before the Deluge. By MARK ALDANOV. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Last Enchantments. By ROBERT LIDDELL. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Euffe Inheritance. By GABRIEL CHEVALLIER. *Secker and Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Portrait in Two Colours. By STUART B. JACKMAN. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Double Darkness. By EDWARD FENTON. *Cresset Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In an admonitory letter to Hugh Walpole, Henry James refers to Tolstoy and Dostoevsky as "fluid puddings, though not tasteless, because the amount of their own minds and souls in solution in the broth gives it savour and flavour, thanks to the strong, rank quality of their genius." James would certainly have called Mr. Aldanov a "fluid pudding," and it cannot be said that the quality of his genius is anywhere near as rank or as strong as that of Tolstoy, in whose tradition he writes. All the same, *Before the Deluge*, which is very well translated by Catherine Routsky, is an outstanding piece of work, a leisurely and continually vivid panorama of Russian life in the seventies, culminating in the assassination of the Tsar Alexander II. A panorama, one says, of Russian life; but Mr. Aldanov also takes us on a conducted tour of the political centres of Europe, calling on Bakunin in Switzerland, peeping in at Bismark in Berlin, chatting with Clemenceau and Hugo in Paris, watching Mr. Gladstone felling trees at Hawarden and dropping in for supper with the Marxes in N.W.3; indeed, one feels it is self-denial on Mr. Aldanov's part to make his central character visit the United States as it were off-stage. The novel is a quarter of a million words long; it could scarcely have been less; but it might equally well have been a million words long, or two million. That is its weakness. For what Mr. Aldanov is really writing is history loosely linked to the lives of a few fictitious characters—how many, one's ignorance of nineteenth-century Russian history prevents one saying. The result is fascinating; the novel is a most brilliant re-creation of an epoch; one reads on with unflagging interest, but one reads, I think, as one reads memoirs, Creevey, for instance, or Saint-Simon, rather than as one reads a novel. The fictitious characters are much fainter and their problems much less compelling than those of the historical personages of the book, whether Bismark, Dostoevsky, Alexander II, or the admirably drawn Nihilists who finally blow Alexander up. So that while we are grateful to Mr. Aldanov for what he has given us, we all the time regret that he has not given us more. One need not, I think, be an intransigent follower of James to apply his words on the imitators of Tolstoy to *Before the Deluge*: "There is nothing so deplorable as a work of art with a *leak* in its interest; and there is no such leak of interest as through commonness of form." *Before the Deluge* leaks like a burst pipe.

James would have found *The Last Enchantments* much more sympathetic. There were times when I found Mr. Liddell's recent book, *A Treatise on the Novel*, somewhat tiresome, but *The Last Enchantments* which might almost have been written as a practical application of the principles stated in that work, is a very good novel indeed, delightful in its elegance, humour and perception. The qualities that jarred in *A Treatise on the Novel*, the prim trailing of coats, the tart pedantry, at once stern and shrill, as of an Arthur Marshall schoolmaster, are here most disarming as they find expression in the character of Mr. Liddell's narrator. One of the most interesting passages in Mr. Liddell's critical study dealt with the novelist's range, and much of the excellence of his novel comes from his adopting a very narrow range—the metaphor is from photography—and focusing what he sees there as sharply as possible. His is a novel composed largely of gossip over the teacups in the houses of that portion of the university city of Christminster which is bounded by the Woodbury and Banstock Roads, while his characters—scholars, landladies, minor men of letters, servants—belong to the "lunatic fringe" of the University. Mr. Liddell's great exemplars in fiction are Jane Austen and Miss Compton-Burnett, and in *The Last Enchantments* he has caught something of their uncompromising, astringent quality of wit and verbal precision. The gradual stripping away of the pretensions of the central character, Mrs. Foyle, is very funny, but is also horrifying. The analogy of Mrs. Foyle with Goriot is explicit in the novel, and it is the index of Mr. Liddell's power as a novelist that he so successfully and movingly creates a female Goriot in terms of tea-parties of North Oxford. *The Last Enchantments* is, indeed, yet another vindication of the author's theory of fiction.

For most of us M. Chevallier means simply Clochemerle. *The Euffe Inheritance* is not another Clochemerle, but it is a most entertaining novel in its own right. It is a study of the members of the second generation of the Euffes, a family of highly successful grocers in Grenoble, in the years leading up to the fall of France and after. M. Chevallier's methods are akin to those of Maupassant, though Maupassant would have planned his story more carefully. But M. Chevallier, ironist as he is, is a much sunnier writer than Maupassant, a humanist from the Mediterranean, not a pessimist from Normandy. Of his heroine, who is that rarest character in fiction, a positively good person who is convincing, he writes:

> In Alberte's eyes, sincerity and disinterestedness were factors which outweighed all others. . . . She had no strictures to make on people who commit those acts of impulse which the world calls stupid because self-interest has no part in them.

It is in this magnanimous spirit that the *Euffe Inheritance* is conceived. The translation, by Jocelyn Godefroi, is good.

Portrait in Two Colours and *The Double Darkness* are both first novels of real promise. The latter is the more ambitious and the less successful, though it is likely that Mr. Fenton may prove the more enduring novelist. The main interest of his novel is as a documentary account of events during the fighting between the British and the forces of E.L.A.S. at the end of the war. It fails to be more than this because Mr. Fenton's hero, a British soldier who loses his memory and changes his uniform for the clothes of a Greek civilian whom he has killed, is a dumb ox for whom it is impossible to feel much concern; and there is continually a serious inconsistency between his inarticulate nature and the framework of literary allusion in which he is set. By comparison, *Portrait in Two Colours* gains because Mr. Jackman has based his novel on a moral issue, the problem of belief. His hero, Simon Calder, a theological student before the war, returns from service in the Persian Desert with the intention of going back to his theological college; but what remains of his beliefs after his desert experiences? The necessary process of disintegration involves a re-living of those experiences, particularly of a nightmare drive back to base through a sandstorm with a dying friend in the back of the truck and Simon himself suffering from shock and burns: a most economically and sensitively written episode.

WALTER ALLEN

TRANSLATIONS.

Apollinaire to Aragon. Translated by W. J. Strachan. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Pushkin, Lermontov, Tyutchev. Translated by Vladimir Nabokov. *Lindsay Drummond.* 5s.

The impossible quest is still, and still heroically, pursued. What would Paulhan have to say, that cruel and smiling shadow who looms so disconcertingly over every linguistic discussion of our time! Trans-lation? A carrying across? But of what? What, if anything, subsists when for the word *homme* we substitute the word *man*? What's in a word beyond the word itself, written or spoken, bearing its unique freight of sound and appearance, its unique series of overtones and undertones? Homme=Man. We know that even this simplest of equations is false. And yet, and yet . . . *Ne pas se pencher en dehors* has, we notice, the same effect on them as the English prohibition has on us. There is this perceptible hard fact of identical effect to encourage the bold, a real flame burning on the marsh, however false its suggestion of lighted windows and a habitable house. Cary and Chapman made their deep effect on Keats in which it is hard indeed to believe that Dante and Homer played no part at all. In fact, the translator must robustly turn his back on the shadow of Jean Paulhan and on all those artful analysts of language, syrens who would sing, not only him, but every writer, every *talker*, to an abashed and miserable silence. He must pretend, not only that something can be written and understood, but that the substance of its meaning, of its effect, can be conveyed in another language.

It is a truism that prose is easier to translate than poetry, and that the better the poetry the more impossible the translation. Yet exceptions seem quite capable of proving a different rule. Surely Shakespeare is more easily transported to the French than the unwieldy Donne. Surely Hugo is more accessible to us in translation than Mallarmé can ever be. The great and *long* poets do somehow contrive to trundle across frontiers, without, it seems, losing their most essential luggage on the way. Goethe could offer a confident and lucid exposition of Hamlet, without fearing that he would appear ridiculous in the eyes of all cultivated Englishmen. But what Frenchman would dare to defend his views on Rilke against a German lover of that poet? What English critic would have the audacity to challenge a French critic's appreciation of Rimbaud?

And so the assault made by Mr. Strachan on these minor French poets of our time is no less audacious than Mr. Nabokov's assault on Pushkin. Both undertakings were formidable, both, in the purist's sense, impossible, but both have been confronted with real courage, ingenuity and insight. My own impression, from a long-ago and tortured attempt to read Pushkin and Lermontov in Russian, is that these poets are surprisingly amenable to translation into English. This is dangerous ground, for a deeper knowledge of Russian would certainly lead to deeper doubts, a deeper appreciation of the uniqueness of each Russian word and phrase. Yet one may, with some evidence, believe that even a Russian would be astounded at the felicitous equivalence of Oliver Elton's *Onegin* to its original. So dissimilar in other aspects, it might seem that in poetical effect the two languages freakishly coincide. And this, of course, could never be said of English and French. Undoubtedly, Mr. Strachan's task was the more difficult of the two.

Mr. Nabokov is a deft and loyal translator. He has not the dubious advantage of being himself a poet. Comparing his versions of Pushkin with earlier ones, and particularly with those of Miss Babette Deutsch, it seems that he has produced something neater and more colloquial and, in these two qualities, closer to the original.

> Obey thy God, and never mind, O Muse,
> The laurels or the stings; make it thy rule
> To be unstirred by praise or by abuse,
> And do not contradict the fool.

This has obvious advantages over Miss Deutsch's

> Oh, Muse, as ever, now obey thy God's commandments,
> Of insult unafraid, to praise and slander cool,
> Demanding no reward, sing on, but in your wisdom
> Be silent when you meet a fool.

A curious and not unpleasing fact about the verse of Mr. Nabokov is that it constantly and felicitously echoes the tone of certain English poets. In translating Pushkin echoes of Byron are, of course, inevitable:

> Just as a mad young fellow frets awaiting
> His rendezvous with some evasive harlot . . .

But in the same poem there are reminiscences of Browning and Auden, if of no others:—

> Where was that old doubloon? . . . Here 'tis. This evening
> A widow paid it me—though only after
> She'd stood with her three children many hours
> Under my window . . .
> conscience,
> The sudden guest, the bore that does the talking.

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And a little later there appears a surely deliberate pastiche in the manner of Housman:

And after I am buried—
Go, leave the village, find
Some place where hearts are mended
And destiny is kind.

For myself I can see no objection to these echoes, though there is perhaps a danger that they may introduce yet another obscuring term between the original Russian version and ourselves.

Mr. Strachan is himself an authentic poet. His volume can be read with pleasure and excitement without giving a thought to the French originals. He does, of course, take liberties, and they are not always happy ones. He is among those translators who will sacrifice a strict verbal accuracy rather than abandon, for example, the originaal rhyme or metre. He aims, in fact, at a *total* impression, and is ready to take grave risks in achieving it. Thus the volume opens with an almost ostentatious mistranslation. Apollinaire's *Zone* begins:

A la fin tu es las de ce monde ancien

for which Mr. Strachan substitutes

You have grown weary of a world effete.

It is the rasher of the two principal types of mistranslation in that it says more, not less, than the original. Had "ancien" become "old" in the English version there would have been a flatness, a failure to rise high enough. But the word "effete" involves what must seem an unpardonable gloss on Apollinaire's word, an unwarrantable extension of his strict meaning.

Strangely, or perhaps not strangely at all, Mr. Strachan's best individual lines seem to be those in which he has most strictly disciplined himself to saying no more and no less than the French original:

Icebergs, Icebergs, cultless cathedrals of eternal winter,
covered with the icy skull-cap of the planet Earth.

is both an accurate and an exquisite rendering of Michaux's

Icebergs, Icebergs, cathédrales sans religion de l'hiver éternel, enrobés dans la calotte glaciaire de la planète Terre.

Mr. Strachan is at his most felicitous in his treatment of the late and disciplined verse of Aragon, and this gives to that poet an apparent advantage over his contemporaries which he does not possess in their originals. But some such distortions are inevitable in the work of a translator whose love of French poetry involves unavoidable favouritisms.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

EINSTEIN

Einstein: His Life and Times. By PHILIPP FRANK. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The biographer's job is to say what a man thinks, how he behaves and how others react to his thinking and behaviour. Usually the thinking is not so considerable as to threaten the shapeliness of the design, but in Einstein's case it is literally terrific. As Dr. Frank observes: "There are at present thousands of papers in which attempts are made to explain Einstein's theory to the lay public." For forty years the mathematicians and physicists have been panting to keep abreast of what Einstein means; behind them, faint but pursuing, come the philosophers and divines; while the lay public, remembering nothing but a few doubtful aphorisms and analogies, are agape at this phenomenal male Alice in a Wonderland which may after all turn out in the end to be their land. It is time, Dr. Frank must have said to himself, that someone looked at Einstein as a whole, and I will have a shot at it, if only because people may more clearly understand what Einstein means by seeing what he is. Anyone who really reads this book instead of dipping into it for its poker-faced presentation of many funny stories of Einstein's life, is in for a tough time. The earnest but uninstructed reader will comfort himself by reflecting that even Einstein could not think of everything at once: in the intervals of attending to the universe he went on behaving. Thus in Dr. Frank's chronological development of Einstein's life there is always an end to worrying about what happens to the apparent motion of objects and light rays in a laboratory L moving at nearly the velocity of light, or (direst test of all) what a field equation really is. One can always turn the page and see how this genius who could never bear to put on his official hat is getting along with his professorial colleagues who could never bear to take theirs off. It is rather different with the reader who already thinks he knows what Einstein means. He may complain, and sometimes justly, that Dr. Frank has hurried himself into a rather botched account of the scientific lineage of the main lines of Einstein's analysis.

None the less this is a book worth having, and most because it throws a tragi-comic light on Einstein's political adventures since greatness was thrust upon him by a mainly uncomprehending world. Dr. Frank has no difficulty in showing why it is that philosophers, because they concentrate on the *terms* in which it is expressed, ha[illegible] raged furiously about a mathematico-physic[illegible] framework which seeks to comprehend with [illegible] marvellous economy what can be observed of t[illegible] universe, and has nothing in its *content* whic[illegible] is basically relevant to metaphysics. But why w[illegible] Einstein embroiled in world politics? Dr. Fra[illegible] makes this pretty clear by sketching the difficultie[illegible] of Einstein's situation about 1920, when th[illegible] astronomers had verified one of the main point[illegible] of his challenge to Newtonian physics. This gav[illegible] him the scientific primacy of the Germans i[illegible] defeat, but in their camp he was a rebel fro[illegible] childhood against regimentation, Prussianism[illegible] and war. He was a Jew who was at last becomin[illegible] acutely aware of the crisis in Jewry. He wa[illegible] moreover, a man whom the mob could easi[illegible] make into a hero, for he looked like an Italia[illegible] virtuoso, he liked slopping about in old clothe[illegible] he was eager to help anyone and was no respecte[illegible] of persons, and he had the dangerous direct charm[illegible] in personal matters of a shockingly clever child[illegible] And so the man whose line was so formidabl[illegible] straight in pure intellectual analysis move[illegible] forward uncertainly into the between-war quicksands as a champion of Zionism and pacifism[illegible] with what consequences Dr. Frank clearly show[illegible] in his story of the retreat to America and th[illegible] fumbling political activities of his middle years.

Withal, there is one aspect of Einstein's make-u[illegible] which could never be deduced from the othe[illegible] elements of his genius, but is frequently used b[illegible] Dr. Frank in plotting his course. It is be[illegible] described by himself:

> My passionate interest in social justice and soci[illegible] responsibility has always stood in curious contra[illegible] to a marked lack of desire for direct association wi[illegible] men and women. I am a horse for single harnes[illegible] not cut out for tandem or teamwork. I ha[illegible] never belonged wholeheartedly to any country [illegible] State, to my circle of friends, or even to my o[illegible] family. These ties have always been accompanie[illegible] by a vague aloofness, and the wish to withdraw int[illegible] myself increases with the years. Such isolation [illegible] sometimes bitter, but I do not regret being cut o[illegible] from the understanding or sympathy of other me[illegible]

Yes, loneliness. The mind which set a solita[illegible] sail into the ultimate sea of matter and ener[illegible] turns ever inward on itself in jostling its w[illegible] through the long littleness of human life. Th[illegible] is only one matter on which Dr. Frank's bo[illegible] enables a reviewer to pull unashamedly out [illegible] his bag his oldest cliché: it does indeed provi[illegible] food for thought.

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Viewed from the outside the body may be con-...ceived of as a bag of skin plumply distended by its ...filling and maintained in a fantastic shape by the ...rigid understructure of the bones and the adhesion ...of muscles which oppose or divert the pull of ...gravity and prevent the contents from seeping ...dropsically to the legs.

...e shall soon find that Mr. Brophy's discreetly ...bjective manner is deceptive. It cannot conceal ...s enthusiasm for his subject, in repose or in ...otion, clothed, presenting "the social being, ...e individual in relation to the community," or ...ked, showing "man in the absolute." (Despite ...treme changes in fashions and ideals of beauty, ...e points out, there is little to show that the ...nclothed body of two thousand years ago dif-...red much from that of to-day.) He draws our ...miring attention to its wonders: the miracu-...us hand; the spinal cord which, according to ...r. Harry Roberts, "carries more messages in ...n instant than an Atlantic cable does in a ...ear"; "Broca's Centre," where the ability to ...ad and write has been located. The book is ...ther indirectly illustrated with life drawings—...me of them of great beauty—by a catholic ...nge of artists, among them Rubens, Rodin, ...egas, Mervyn Peake.

As for the soul—Ariel in the tree cleft, body's ...est, prisoner, guide or companion—Mr. ...rophy is principally concerned with bringing ...out its final reconciliation with its host. Only ...a humanistic age such as the sixteenth century ...s it been allowed even that their severance was ...luctant.

> The grudging ghost did strive
> With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,

...rote Spenser. The centuries-old war between ...e two has been fostered by theologians and ...ilosophers who have regarded the senses as an imperative but vile distraction, and have railed at the body as gross, luxurious, rebellious, a clog, a kicking donkey. Mr. Brophy, while considering these indictments, holds no such curmudgeonly view. Certainly there are conflicts and collisions, as in all partnerships; but, for him, man is in all his faculties a privileged being; his mind and spirit receive so much from the bodily senses that an independent existence would be meagre indeed; and the only real fault of the body is that it wears out. If we are to be let loose upon eternity, he hopes that it may not be in a state exclusively spiritual. Not, I think, that he would go so far as St. Praxed's Bishop, or as those natives of South India who, we read in this book, built a shrine whose deity was the ghost of a British officer, and kept his altar supplied with cheroots and brandy. Like all who share in the uneasy conscience of our time, he hesitates over its pleasures, preferring morality to the arts and sciences as the test of civilisation.

Mr. Brophy's liberal and humane views make comfortable and in no way disturbing reading. We are most likely to remember the speculations and odd information plentifully offered in his book. He touches such matters as dancing and morals (for how was it that the most stately and dignified dances came from the licentious Court of Versailles in the eighteenth century?); the sudden æsthetic development in underwear; the psychology of ball games, and the purpose of games generally: they do, he guardedly admits, "afford temporary reliefs from the continuous spinning out of the thread of self awareness." He tells us that, so recently as 1946, the churchwardens of Hadleigh in Suffolk refused to erect a tablet to the memory of the pre-Raphaelite Thomas Woolner because Darwin had inquired of him how far downwards an unclothed model could blush. He muses on the illogical pride that people take in the things for which they are not responsible—beauty, or inherited rank; on the low motives for which men discarded customary abuses, the murdering of prisoners, and the *droit de seigneur*, for instance; and on the difference between male and female vanity. Women, he says, can see themselves coldly and objectively; it is rarely that they deceive themselves in private. A subsidiary interest will possibly be suggested by one of Mr. Brophy's observations:

> He who portrays the body, which is to say the skin of the body, may well work in awe, for he portrays two minds as well, one of them being his own.

Curious readers may go on to study what is portrayed of the minds of some twenty artists and of the author himself. NAOMI LEWIS

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From the time when he abandoned his idea of an academic career and decided to engage in public life, first as a Liberal, later as a Socialist, he followed only where conviction and conscience led him. The cause of oppressed nationalities, the interests of African natives, the removal of economic inequalities, above all, the establishment of world peace commanded his allegiance and untiring efforts. His work as a Member of Parliament, though this was unfortunately for only short periods, gave him satisfaction. This was also true of his work as Parliamentary Adviser to the Labour Party and Chairman of the two Advisory Committees on Foreign Affairs and Imperial Questions, until divergence of views brought about a severance, and his wide knowledge and balanced judgment must have proved of great value to his colleagues. But, in his most cherished public aims, he was doomed to disappointment and, at the end, he saw the aspects of civilisation he most valued disappearing.

...lenry Wallace

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It was highly characteristic of the man that, in order to identify himself, as far as possible, with the lot of the less favoured and help in the removal of human barriers, he practised an austerity in daily living unusual for one drawn from such surroundings. But the book also brings out clearly his immense capacity for enjoyment of music, history, literature, and particularly enjoyment of the great poets, from whom he derived life-long inspiration and solace. In him, it is suggested, the Puritan and the Humanist were often in conflict, though the conflict was always resolved in favour of constructive action, when such action was possible. He had an essentially constructive mind.

Mrs. de Bunsen believes that, if her brother had lived, he would have adapted himself to the post-war world and kept his faith in the ultimate goodness of human nature. One wishes that his long-contemplated book, *Prophets of Heaven and Hell* (Virgil, Dante, Milton, Goethe), on which he was working when he died in December, 1942, could have been finished.

Week-end Competitions

No. 964

Set by John Brown

The usual prizes are offered for a clerihew on a holiday resort. Entries by August 17.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 961

Set by Sebastian

In another part of this issue *Through the Looking Glass* is treated as a prophetic work. Competitors are invited to treat in a similar manner, from a philosophic, political, or psychological point of view any portions of one of the following: *Peter Pan*, *The Ancient Mariner*, *Pygmalion*. Limit 250 words.

Report by Sebastian

I thought *Peter Pan* would be the chief victim of the interpreters, but *The Ancient Mariner* swept all rhyme and reason cheerfully before it. "Twell" even saw in this poem a prophecy of the Third Test at Manchester: the rain "stoppeth one of three" for there was "water, water everywhere," while the bowling "plunged over, tacked and veered." This was an eccentric entry; the main body were Marxist Freudian, or topical. Patrick Thornbill, for example, saw the ocean-crossing Albatross as a symbol of Coleridge's anxiety that we should accept American aid. The tale is told to the vote-intoxicated wedding guest (left wing M.P.) by the ancient mariner (Sir Stafford Cripps) with his long grey beard (textiles) and his glittering eye (steel). "I shot the albatross," therefore has an appalling economic significance.

Pygmalion was less popular with competitors. Here Pontifex with his Teutonic account of the Overall-Shawishmus was very funny and so was Towanbucket who saw in Doolittle the eternal misfit, the Platts-Mills of politics.

P. Baggallay, L. E. Honnor, Robert Gaffikin, D. M. Brasher, Quintus and Fergie were among the runners up. I award a first prize of 2½ guineas each to J. R. Till; and R. J. P. Hewison; a guinea to Blue-Tit.

Only a very naive or frivolous student of psychology would interpret this dream sequence, set as it is in a drawing-room, purely in terms of a few obvious incestuous implications. Admittedly Professor Higgins, torn between the rival claims of mother and brother, compromises by exclaiming, "Oh bother!" Mrs. Higgins, however, is not his mother but his father. More precisely, she is the tyrannical Super-Ego, represented too by the phonetic consonants of an orally-fixated son who can only *profess* to be free.

Enter various subsidiary symptoms, projected ambivalently as the Eynsford Hills. The dreamer imagines he has met two of them before. Naturally: the neurotic incessantly struggles for recognition (See Adler). But what about Eliza? Here we must revert to Freud. Eliza is the Id, whose cunningly disguised libidinal organization (vowel technique) nearly induces Higgins to mistake the Id for the Ego (himself). When Eliza tells of an aunt (the total psyche) who died of influenza (infantile regression, also symbolised by the conversation about rain), the game seems to be up.

Yet the dream ends with a triumphant liberation. First we notice a dramatic change in imagery: the more adult and potent associations evoked by the word "gin." Then Freddy (now the Ego) invites Eliza (forever Id) to walk across the Park (i.e. to be pushed down into the Unconscious). Deaf to masculine protests, the Id establishes its crushing supremacy over all aim-inhibiting component drives ("Not bloody likely."). J. R. TILL

Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* is now demonstrated by events as a left-sympathising allegory of Conservatism between 1943-4 and the 1950 Election—the Wedding, when the Bridegroom (Britain) espouses Labour, whose character, socialist but British, is so neatly indicated in "Red as a *rose* is she." The Mariner is Mr. Churchill. The Admiralty, his liking for quasi-Naval rig, impose this identification: glittering eye, spell-binding speech, woeful vaticination, confirm it. Skinny hand and grey beard are legitimate prophetic disguise.

Who then is the Guest—the "one of three"? Clearly, a member of one of the main parties; perhaps —*pars pro toto*—one party collectively; possibly indeed (taking it as "one consisting of three") the People. True, the Bridegroom has already been assigned that role: but the skilled mythexegete will readily recognise that common eschatological device prosopic haplology.

Persons thus established, the drama acquires compulsive clarity which in turn floods confirmatory light back on them. The prosperous start represents the co-operative days of Coalition (figured by the Albatross): "the sun came up upon the *left*"—a typically conservative view. The Storm-Blast is the Labour Party Conference of 1945, its very venue relative to London the seat of government, being hinted in "chased us *south* along."

The icy doldrums typify the awkward interim before the Caretaker era, broken by national victory: "the helmsman"—the Mariner here means himself—"steered us through." Seeming prosperity ensues—following wind, sunrise "upon the *right*." But disaster was already incurred: he had "shot the Albatross." R. J. P. HEWISON

Comrades, here is a stray sheet of doggerel which is a perfect example of reactionary Tito symbolism. It foretells the consequences of guilt born of the rotten religious voodoos of capitalism. A "mariner"—verminous old Titoite!—has stopped "one of three" (how inevitably one thinks of the three parts of the Marxian dialectic!) who are attending a wedding. The bride—"red as a rose"—is Ripe Revolution, from whose union of course will spring the glorious Communist World.

It is to prevent his "listener," our Fighting Proletariat, taking his place as "next of kin" at the magnificent union of Soviet Peoples that the mariner begins his tale. He first tells of his voyage, dropping "below the kirk" and the "lighthouse top" (i.e. renouncing religion and miserable bourgeois virtue) into the "storm blast" of Revolution, where the ship is beset by the "ice" of reaction. An albatross, symbol of the individualist, the unpredictable "Christian soul" in search of free food, is shot by the mariner—his last act of Marxian faith. For from then on his heart rots with stinking conscience, and in spite of the "helmsman" (our Stalin) contrives by confused bourgeois idealism to make the Revolutionary Vessel "idle as a painted ship." The remaining sheets of doggerel will no doubt tell of the "helmsman" (our glorious Stalin) rallying the crew, confounding reaction, and returning with the Ti mariner in irons. "BLUE-TIT"

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless or she is excepted from the provision of the ntrol of Engagement Order, 1947, or the ancy is for employment excepted from the vision of that Order.

M. Colonial Service.—A vacancy exists in Jamaica for a Secretary of Economic Affairs. ndidates should possess governmental or mmercial admin. exp. in responsible posi-ns, and some academic qualifics. are also sirable, such as a First or Second Class Hons. gree in Economics or a Bachelor of Com-rce Degree. Salary £1,500 p.a., free pass-es (on appointment), but not quarters, for cers and families are provided. Age limit appointment is 55 but pensionable terms uld only be offered to applicants under age 45, who have completed three years on pro-tion. Intending applicants should submit ief partics. of age, qualifics. and exp. to rector of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanc-ary Buildings, Gt. Smith St. S.W.1.

CHIMOTA, Gold Coast, West Africa. Applics. invited for post of Headmaster of e Secondary School at Achimota, Gold Coast, hich is one of the key positions in colonial ucation. Salary £1,600 p.a., includ. Over-as Allowance: non-contributory pension; e passages; medical and dental service. House ovided for which rent is deducted. School co-educ. with 500 pupils to Higher Cert. andard. Candidates should be under 40 years age. Hons. graduates and convinced Christ-ns. Further partics. and applic. forms from c., Achimota Committee, Edinburgh House, Eaton Gate, London, S.W.1.

HE Council of Industrial Design has vacan-cies for Industrial Liaison Officers to assist e promotion by industry of good design for hibition in the Festival of Britain 1951. ential qualifics. for all posts are exp. in a sponsible position and an understanding of dustrial design acquired through designing management or sales or technical journalism aching, with further qualifics. as follows: To lead a team concerned with certain en-neering industries: A degree or equivalent alific. in mechanical engineering. Sal. ,000-£1,200 rising to £1,350. (b) To lead eam dealing with industries covering recrea-n in the widest sense, incl. those concerned th the arts; books; crafts and hobbies; sport; idays; and community activities. A degree Sociology or Arts, and/or training as a De-ner. Sal. £1,000-£1,200 rising to £1,350. (c) neral posts requiring knowledge in one of e following main groups of industries: thing and ancillary trades; Engineering; niture; Pottery and Glass; Paper, Printing d Packaging; Textiles; Transport. Starting l. £750-£870 rising to £950. Exceptionally, e or two posts may carry salaries as under Posts are temporary with possibility of manency for some. Women's salaries are ther lower than those given. Write full tics. of age, educ., posts held with dates and alifics. in light of above requirements to tablishment Officer, Council of Industrial sign, Tilbury House, Petty France, S.W.1.

UDAN Government. The Game Dept., Sudan Government invites applics. for post Assistant Game Warden, aged approx. be-ween 25-35 yrs., to supervise game preserva-n, game control National Parks and reserves Southern Sudan. Applicants should possess University or Military College educ. They ust be of good physique and health and have ove of wild life. Knowl. of Arabic and e. of big game and fishing desirable. ppointment will be on one of the follow-e forms of contract subject to 2 yrs. obation. (i) Long Term Contract with a sub-antial gratuity, sal. scale ranges from £E480 £936. (ii) Provident Fund Contract with l. range from £E560 up to £E1,100. (iii) ort Term Contract up to 6 yrs. with gratuity 1 mth's sal. for each year of service; range pay 25% higher than (i). Cost of Living lowance from £E180 to £E390 p.a. according number of dependants is at present payable. here is at present no income tax in Sudan. ee passage on appointment. Strict Medical am. £E1 = £1 0s. 6d. Full details and applic. rms from Sudan Agent in London, Welling-n House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. Please ak envelope "Assistant Game Warden."

OROUGH of Wallsend. Assistant Medical Officer of Health. Applics. invited from ualified Medical Practitioners for appoint-ent of Assistant Medical Officer of Health. l. £760 p.a. incl. of bonus, rising by annual rements of £25 to £910 p.a. incl. of bonus. ties will be mainly connected with School edical Service, under School Medical Officer ho is also Medical Officer of Health, but will clude duties connected with Maternity and ild Welfare Service and such other duties may be reqd. by Medical Officer of Health. ointment will be subject to the provisions Local Govt. Superannuation Act, 1937, and ccessful candidate will be reqd. to pass a edical exam. Appointment is terminable by mths. notice on either side. Applics. to be de upon forms obtainable from Chas. E. adbury, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Wallsend. e forms should be completed and returned companied by copies of 3 recent testimonials envelopes endorsed "Assistant Medical icer of Health" by 11th Sept. Canvassing ectly indirectly will be deemed disqualific.

ORKERS' Educational Assoc. (N. Ireland Dist.). Applics. invited on/before 21st t., for post of District Secretary at salary £500-£25-£600 p.a. The successful candi-e will be expected to take up duty on 1st t. Form of applic. and conditions of appoint-nt from District Secretary, Dept. of Extra-ral Studies, Queen's University of Belfast.

Appointments Vacant—continued

BBC. invites applics. for post of Assistant in Music Department, Entertainment Divi-sion. Duties consist of building and making de-tailed arrangements for light music programmes for various types of ensemble, and supervision in the studio of rehearsals & transmissions Musical training and professional exp. together with a thorough knowledge of the light music repertoire are essential. Sal. is on a grade rising by annual increments of £40 to a max. of £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. marked "Music N. Stm." within 7 days. For acknow-ledgment enclose s.a.e.

UNIV. of Liverpool. Applics invited for follg. posts in School of Social Science: (i) Two Senior Social Research Workers, at salary of £500-£800 p.a. (ii) Social Research Worker, at salary of £425-£475 p.a. (iii) Junior Social Research Worker, at salary of £300-£400 p.a., and (iv) Research Secretary, at an initial salary of £250-£350 p.a. The initial salary in each case will be determined according to exp. and qualifics. Applics., which should include partics. as to age, educ. and exp., tog. with names of two refs., should be received by 14 Aug., 1948, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

CITY of Bradford Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited for post of full-time Educational Psychologist, to work in Child Guidance Clinic and to organise tutorial classes for backward children in the Schools. Candidates should possess an Hons. Degree in Psychology and must have had exp. in Child Guidance Work. Comm. salary £585 rising by annual incre-ments of £20 to £680 p.a. Appointment will be subject to provisions of Local Govt. Superann. Act 1937 and a medical exam. will be necessary. Canvassing will disqualify, and an applicant who is related to a Member or Senior Officer of Council must disclose this fact in application. Applics., giving full de-tails of age, exp., etc., accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials should reach W. H. Leathem, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Bradford, not later than Aug. 17.

BERKS. Child Guidance Clinic. Applics. in-vited for post of Clinical Psychologist at Berkshire Child Guidance Clinic, Reading, for playtherapy, and some coaching and testing. Salary £555 rising by two annual increments of £20, and one of £25 to £620. Forms of application can be obtained from H. J. C. Neobard, Clerk to the Joint Cttee, Shire Hall, Reading, to whom they should be returned completed by 1st Sept. 1948.

WOMAN Inspector for duties under the Mental Deficiency Acts reqd. by L.C.C. Candidates, who must be under 40 yrs. should hold diploma or degree in social science. Exp. of the requirements of the Mental Deficiency Acts is essential. Sal. scale £500 p.a. rising by £25 to £550 p.a. Pensionable. Married women eligible. Applic. forms from Medical Officer of Health (A/MD/G/MHS), Public Health Dept. (Mental Health Services), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by 17th Aug. (1420).

LANCASTER Moor Hospital, Lancaster (County Mental Hospital). Psychiatric Social Worker (female) reqd. to organise the services within the hospital and at the Psy-chiatric Clinics staffed by hospital. Applicants must be fully qualified with considerable exp. of work. Sal. scale etc. (N.J.C.) £445×20×£605 p.a.; commencing sal. according to exp. Residential Accom. available if reqd. for which there will be a charge of £120 p.a. Super-annuation Scheme in force. Applics. stating age, qualifics. and exp. with names of 2 refs. to be sent to Medical Supt.

GRAYLINGWELL Hospital, Chichester (For Nervous and Mental Disorders). Stu-dent Nurses reqd., aged 18 years and over. Pre-vious exp. of Nursing is not necessary and candidates are trained for the Mental Nursing Examinations of the General Nursing Council. Salary is in accordance with Rushcliffe Scales, and commences at £175 p.a. From this figure the sum of £75 p.a. is deducted being the value for superan. purposes of emoluments consisting of board, lodging and laundry. Applics. to be sent to the Matron.

CARLISLE Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from men and women for post of Youth Organiser. Sal. £550×£25 to £700 p.a. Appli-cants should have had previous exp. of youth work. Successful applicant will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. and to contribute to Local Govt. or Teachers' Superan. Schemes. Further partics. and applic. forms, which should be re-turned by Aug. 21, may be obtained from Frank Ashton, Director of Educ., City Educa-tion Office, 19 Fisher St. Carlisle.

LEEDS College of Commerce. Principal: E. V. Roberts, B.Com., A.C.A. Applics. invited for post of Senior Assistant to teach Statistics and Economics. Candidates should have a good hons. degree in Economics with special qualifics. or exp. for teaching statistics. Salary scale: Men, £700×£25-£800. Women, £560×£20-£640. Additions for degree or equivalent qualifics. and approved training. Previous teaching and war service and busi-ness or prof. experience will be taken into ac-count in determining starting salary. Forms of applic. and further partics. may be obtained by sending a s.a.e. to Director of Education, Educ. Offices, Leeds, 1.

THE Central Council for Health Education invites applics. for appointment of Secre-tary/Shorthand-Typist at a salary of £325 p.a. High standard of shorthand-typing, knowledge of office routine and ability to accept respon-sibility reqd. Staff Pension Fund. Typed and tabulated applics., stating sex, age, educ. and exp., to be submitted to Medical Adviser & Secretary, Central Council for Health Edu-cation, Tavistock House, Tavistock Sq. Lon-don, W.C.1, within seven days.

Appointments Vacant—continued

STATISTICIAN—East Africa High Com-mission. A vacancy exists for a Statistician to open and control a statistical office probably at either Entebbe or Dar-es-Salaam on behalf of E. Africa High Commission. Candidates should be men possessing first or second-class Hons. degree in Maths. or Economics and Statistics, tog. with practical exp. of statistical work and organising ability. Salary: at a point on the scale £400, £450×£25-£600; £600×£30-£840, according to qualifics and exp. A review of East African salaries has re-cently been undertaken, and it is expected that the report of the Salaries Commission will be published in near future. Age limit 45 for permanent and pensionable terms. Apply in writing to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Gt. Smith St., London, S.W.1.

DERBYSHIRE Educ. Cttee.: (1) Catering Officer. (2) Assistant Catering Officer. Applics. invited from qualified women for above posts at Matlock Teachers Training College (250 residents) to commence duties in Sept., 1948. (1) Catering Officer will be re-sponsible to Principal for catering, planning of meals, preparation of food returns and for domestic accounts and for supervision and preparation of meals. Sal. will be £200 rising by annual increments of £12 to £248 p.a. tog. with full residential emoluments. (2) Asst. Catering Officer will be reqd. to assist the Catering Officer in above duties. Sal. will be £180 p.a. rising by annual increments of £12 to £240 p.a. tog. with full residential emolu-ments. For both appointments salary is sub-jected to a deduction of 6% for superann. Can-didates should possess necessary training and qualifics. together with exp. in large scale catering. Applics. (no forms) stating qualifics. and exp., tog. with copies of two recent testi-monials and name of two refs., should be sent as soon as possible to Principal, Matlock Train-ing College, Chesterfield Rd. Matlock, Derby-shire. Canvassing will be deemed a disqualific.

L.C.C.—Resident matron reqd. at Oak Lodge Residential School for deaf girls, 103 Nightingale Lane, S.W.12. Exp. in institutional adminis. essential. Recognised qualific. de-sirable. Duties include catering and the super-vision of domestic staff. Nursing qualifics. not reqd., but knowl. of first aid and home nurs-ing will be an asset. Sal. £230 to £290 p.a. plus tax-free emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. The appointment is permanent and pensionable, subject to satisfactory service and medical exam., and is exempt from the Con-trol of Engagement Order, 1947. Apply to the Education Officer (Est. 6D/88), The County Hall, S.E.1. (enclosing s.a.e. for reply) for applic. forms and further details. (1696).

HOUSEFATHER for relief duties, boys 8-14. Salary £225×£15 to £300 p.a. plus full emoluments. Apply: Principal, Jewish Orphan-age, Knights Hill, S.E.27.

TRAINED Workers with exp. and qualifics. in teaching, social or psychological work, and understanding of the needs of homeless children needed in connection with the British Legion Women's Section's scheme for Childr-en's Homes. (1) Someone with exp. of working with disturbed children to open and run a new Home in London for 8 children needing psychiatric treatment, under direction of Dr. D. W. Winnicott. Sal. £350 p.a., with resi-dence. (2) Housemother for a Home in Rich-mond for 16 children aged 2-13 years, with special responsibility for her own small family group. Sal. £200 p.a., with residence. Apply to Miss Fay, Lancaster House, Lancaster Park, Richmond, Surrey.

NATIONAL Institute for the Blind re-quires educated woman (under fifty) as Assistant to the Head of the Sunshine Home Nursery School for Blind Babies, East Grin-stead. Candidates must be adaptable, and pref-erence would be given to women with house-keeping qualifications and experience with young children. Application forms from Secretary-General, 224 Gt. Portland St. W.1.

WANTED, exp. Senior Master (English subjects), willing to deputise Headmis-tress, also exp. Junior teacher, pref. Froebel trained. Couple combining these activities most acceptable. Co-ed. Boarding School 80 miles from Londen. Box 353.

TWO Teachers wanted Sept. co-ed. prog. boarding school, 6-8 and 8-11 groups. In-dividual methods, well-equipped classrooms, friendly atmosphere, happy children. Parents with children under 9 considered. Principal, Elmtrees, Gt. Missenden, Bucks.

W.V.S. Mothercraft Hostel, 49 North Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4. (Tel. No. Macaulay 2139). Immediate residential vacancy for Nursery-trained junior member of Staff. Min. of Health scale of salary. Apply Matron.

REQUIRED: Organiser with initiative, energy & driving force. Permanent and ex-cellent prospects for advancement to applicant with ability, qualifics. and keenness. State partics. of age, educ., qualifics., exp. & salary reqd. Box 4702.

OFFICE Junior required in Professional Organisation for clerical work with some typing. Salary £3 p.w. Apply to Secretary, Museums Assoc.n., Meteorological Buildings, Exhibition Rd. S.W.7.

STENOGRAPHER-CLERK wanted in pub-lishing Dept. of this journal. Write Miss Hammond, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SECRETARIES, Bookkprs., S/Typs., C/Typs., Tels., Clerks, etc., promptly placed. No charge to staff. Exp. temp. shthnd. typs. and telephonists available. Fine's Agency, 952, Praed St. W. PAD. 1123 (8 lines).

INTERESTING Vacancies for Typists, Shorthand-typists, Secretaries and Juniors. No fees to staff. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St. S.W.1. Whi. 0606.

Appointments Wanted

LADY (30)—Army Officer's wife, willing to undertake secretarial or under-matron's post at school. South of England pref. Available Sept. Remuneration secondary consideration to congenial occupation. Box 4088.

INTELLIGENT woman (31) requires post as organising Secretary with Club or Insti-tute. Wide experience; tact, initiative; expert stenographer. Salary £450-£500. Free Septem-ber 1. Box 4514.

YOUNG woman, Univ. education, shtd. typist interested books and literary work, seeks congenial occupation. Box 4509.

SELF-educated young lady seeks position. Business Secretarial exp. Economic qualifics. Writing ability. Able to understand and deal with people. Int. in the arts. Studious disposi-tion. Good appearance. Box 4327.

FOOD Machinery Specialist seeks executive position. Experienced in Factory and Pro-duction planning, staff control, salesmanship, French and German, travelled Europe and United States. Box 4541.

EXPERIENCED Music Mistress (piano and Junior School Music) seeks part-time post in or near S.W. London. L.R.A.M. Froebel-trained. Box 4497.

EX-Major, 33, good presence appearance, thoroughly reliable, efficient, excellent French, German, Russian, seeks interesting work leading to executive position, knowledge interests, music, theatre, salary secondary im-portance initial stage. Box 4554.

LINGUIST, 45, Graduate, desires to live abroad pref. Italy. Now demobbed, taught 12 langs. and Lit.; could also interpret, be cicerune, etc. Box 4542.

EX-Warden (woman) children's hostel sks. similar post. 20 yrs. exp. Box 4530.

Schools

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

IBSTOCK Place School (Froebel Preparatory School), Clarence Lane, Roehampton, Lon-don, S.W.15, has a few vacancies for boy and girl boarders aged 7-13 years, in Sept., 1948. A country school near London. Apply: Head-mistress, Miss O. B. Priestman, B.A., N.F.U.

SIZEWELL Hall, Suffolk. Preparatory school for boys and girls, 7-14, amongst pinewoods on the coast of the 2,000-acre Sizewell Estate. Private beach, 60-acre boating lake, tennis and squash courts. High standard of Health and Diet. Vacancies. Prospectus. Leiston 199.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

TO LET: Double furn. divan rooms avail-able, suitable girls sharing, just off Ken-sington Church St. Reasonable, no restric-tions. Box 4546.

HAMPSTEAD. Two fine furnished rooms in Georgian house, use of kitchen and bathroom, for most of year without sharing. 6 *gns.* p.w. for 6 mths. or more. Box 5008.

HAMPSTEAD: Modern furnished bed sit., newly decorated S.C., C.H., flat; use kit-chen; H. & C., 55s. per week inclusive clean-ing, light. Box 4186.

CONWAY Chambers. Furn. Serv. Rooms. Just opened, redecorated throughout. Rea-sonable. 61-62, Leinster Sq. W.2.

FOR sale, freehold in pleasant road Upper Caterham, Sy., detached bungalow, 2 bed., 2 reception rooms, brick garage. Usual offices; good gardens back and front. Nearest offer £3,000. Box 5089.

CAREFUL tenants wtd. for homely old country house, nr. Oxford, Nov.-March; help available. Adjacent furn. cott. from Sept. Lee, M.A., 77 Banbury Rd., Oxford.

AUTHOR, flint cott. riverside Suffolk town, welcomes guest. Conv. primitive, but pleasant study, lings. spkn. Bpe 4506.

EXCHANGE 2 roomed self-contained flat quiet Westminster square, £180 p.a., for larger flat/house in/near London. Box 4515.

SEAFORD—Small furn. house, 3 bed., lounge, kit., exchange for s.c. furn. 4 rm. flat W. or N.W. London, 6 months or longer from Sept. Box 4534.

YOUNG woman Civil Servant urg. needs unf. flat 2/4 rooms kit., etc. Box 4508.

DOCTOR reading for examination re-quires furnished house/flat London area. Sept.-December. Box 4479.

MANCHESTER. Prof. man, Hons. grad. & ex-serv., 30, single, fed-up uncong. lodgings seeks home friendly people Man-chester area. Away travelling occasionally. Box 4488.

Readers' Market

FOR Sale: Bible (Diodati), complete anno-tation copy, 1648 print, £28/offers; Shake-speare, illus. R.A.s, 2*gns.*; Wells, History of World, 1*gn.*; "New Republic," 1946-48; Bechstein Grand Piano, model B, excellent condition, £300; Piano Steinway Concert Grand, first-class condition, offers; Matched Set Stainless Golf Clubs, Canvas Bag, new condi-tion, £12; Size 8 Gent's Riding Boots, £3; Bergans Rucksack, steel frame, £4 10s.; E.M.G. Gramophone, Mark XB, offers; In-valid wheel-chair, almost new, offers; Linguaphone with French Course records and books, offers; Trailer Caravan home, 1948 model, 4 berth, sacrifice £385.

WANTED: Kyd's "Spanish Tragedie"; "Brothers and Sisters"—Compton Bur-nett; Good pre-war Mouth-Organ.

Send no money or goods in reply to the ad-vertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, men-tioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading 2s. first word, 1od. a word after, including forwarding replies.